Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

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WHAT will be the reaction of the South to the holding of the National Democratic Convention at Houston, in Texas, this year, and what will be the probable results in that convention, are more than academic speculations.

The political planetarium of 1928 is already presenting many novel appositions and oppositions. From a Democratic viewpoint, they are particularly interesting because of a striking recurrence of former and dimly-remembered conjunctions and occultations. A little history will recall them.

The only Democratic National Convention ever held in the South was an abortive one. It convened in the city of Charleston, S. C., on April 23, 1860. From 1832 to 1852, inclusive, all the party's conventions had been held in Baltimore, near to Washington, as an accommodation to the party leaders, most of whom were members of the Congresses sitting at the time of holding the nominating conventions. But in 1856, to please the multiplying Western Democrats, the convention was held in Cincinnati; yet there an Eastern man, Buchanan, of Pennsylvania, was nominated for President and elected. Then, in 1860, the growing friction between the Abolitionists in the North and the adherents of the State Sovereignty doctrine—the right of a State

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to the uncontrolled regulation of its domestic institutions, which included slavery—in the South, made it seem highly politic to locate the convention of that year in a Southern State and city. Hence, Charleston, in South Carolina, was selected.

Every State of the thirty-three then in the Union was represented in the Charleston Convention by full delegations, giving to it 303 votes, with 202 necessary to nominate under the two-thirds rule. The permanent chairman was Caleb Cushing, of Massachusetts, famous jurist and publicist. The sessions continued for ten days and grew in excitements daily. On the seventh day, the platform resolutions were adopted. They were unsatisfactory to many of the Southern delegates and fifty-odd of them withdrew from the convention. These seceders met in another hall, organized a second convention under the chairmanship of Senator James A. Bayard, of Delaware, adopted a platform, and adjourned to meet in Richmond, Virginia, on June 11; but then a further adjournment was made to Baltimore for June 18.

The regular convention proceeded in the mean while at Charleston, with fifty-seven roll-calls for the nomination of a Presidential candidate. Stephen A. Douglas started with 145 votes, but never gained more than six thereafter, and upon the conclusion of the 57th ballot, with no nomination made, the convention adjourned to meet in Baltimore on June 18.

The two factional conventions met in Baltimore on the date named, when the "regulars" nominated Douglas and Johnson and the "seceders" named Breckinridge and Lane—and thus the divided Democracy went to the country and was defeated by the Republican party, whose candidate, Abraham Lincoln, received only 1,866,352 popular votes as against 2,222,671 for the two Democratic candidates. The Southern States voted for Breckinridge, except Tennessee, Kentucky and Virginia, which voted for John Bell, Constitutional Unionist. Douglas carried only Missouri and three of the electoral votes of New Jersey.

The impulsive assumption that the location of this year's convention in a Southern State and city is accepted by the Southern Democrats as the final sinking of the sectional enmities which split the Charleston Convention and the party in 1860, is warranted, but is not all-inclusive. Southern Democrats welcome

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the decision as a gesture of belated equity, but by no means as an inducement to or reward for their party fealty. In no circumstances, since their restoration to political rights, have the Democrats of the South failed in their allegiance to and support of the principles and fortunes of the party.

It would be the crudest solecism to question the honor and fidelity of the Southern Democrats who surrendered their sectional issues with the surrender of the arms they bore in support of them in the War between the States; who went with unfeigned devotion into the party ranks at the Tammany Hall Convention in 1868; who, at the demand of the Democrats of the North, endorsed Horace Greeley, a former arch-enemy of everything dear to Democrats and to the South, at Baltimore, in 1872; who voted without protest for party platforms declaring opposition to any future reopening of the issues settled by the Thirteenth, Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments of the Constitution, when such platforms were adopted in 1872 and 1876; and who have patiently, for sixty years, gone North and West to accept the policies and candidates preferred by the Democrats of those sections!

Southern Democrats have never needed to be reconciled or placated. Their ostracism functioned from the other wings of the party, and it is they who, by the going to Houston, have accepted reconciliation and consented to justice. Out of that happy conclusion there springs the intense hope that the convention will increase the spirit of concord, and that in it there will occur no controversies so acrid and obstinate as to foment divisions and desertions such as wrecked the convention at Charleston and the party's fortunes in 1860.

Do present conditions within the party give substance to that fascinating hope? There are plentiful auguries against it. The more appealing bet to a sporting spirit would be that the Houston convention will split rather than solidify.

Just now there seems to be forming throughout the country a strong consensus of honorable men and women that will look to the Democrats at Houston to raise a banner promising rigid reforms of governmental wrongs and to present candidates of such stalwart honesty and abilities as will invite their election in November.

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The Democratic party is neither moribund nor meaningless. It carries a perpetual mission. It was created to safeguard the landmarks of our American liberties; to preserve the purity of the Government and keep it within the consent and control of the people; and to exemplify to mankind the vigor and virtues of self-government upon democratic representative principles. At no time in our Republic's history have those objectives been more desirable than today.

At Houston, the directors of the party's programme in this electoral year will be confronted with urgent responsibllities. They will have the duty of declaring the political principles and administrative policies with which the party will challenge the confidence and support of the American electorate. It will not be easy for them to segregate from the political confusion of the era those few plain and paramount issues which will appeal most persuasively to honest and progressive minds the Nation over. It will not be easy, either, to reach an early and popular agreement upon the candidates best qualified by character, experience and political vision to champion the programme and insure its realization, if and when endorsed by the people.

Serious divisions of sentiment respecting public issues affect and threaten the harmony of the party. There are irritating factional demands for attitudes to be assumed by the party toward certain persons and certain policies. As in 1860, in the Charleston Convention, omens of irreconcilable oppositions will be present and presage desertions and defeat. Only a phenomenal pressure of wisdom and charity can carry the party through those perils to solidarity of sentiment and concert of action for a common victory. Whether such wisdom and charity are available is a question that can only be answered by the culmination of the convention.

One could not imagine a more bitter irony of fate than for the convention which will assemble at Houston to fall into the footprints of that at Charleston and end in an equally deplorable and defeasible division; but portents to that conclusion will flare in the heavens that arch it.

Cool tempered, conservative and experienced party veterans are heard expressing fears that the political stars in their courses

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are fighting against the unity and harmony of the party. Despite the powerful advantages given to the Democrats by the blunders and corruptions of the Republicans, these wise men dread the reopening at Houston of the feuds and sores that defeated the party in 1924. But there are others, and more of them, who believe the party will be sane and strategic enough to embrace its great opportunity without falling into suicidal insanity.

Two issues, charged with acrimony and enmities, threaten the peace and concord of the convention. They arise out of the Prohibition situation, and the revival of a religio-political conflict within the party. Human experience is that the most implacable, unreasonable creature at large is the reformer, whether his *métier* be morals, religion, sociology, politics, or what not. He is "sot in his system" and that bars argument with him. He bulks big in the ranks of the Democratic Party and his consecration is to write a "dry platform" and to defeat the nomination of any person known or suspected to be unfriendly to a drastic Prohibition policy. It is sheer folly to blink the fact that the leading spirits of that faction are strongly disposed to incite their partisans to bolt the action of the Houston Convention should that action be contrary to their demands. In that event, and whether the bolters simply sulked in their tents on election day, or led away a Third Party aggregation of *insurrectos*, the net result could be the certain defeat of the party in the general election. What to do with the Prohibition problem will be a prime puzzle and give serious pause to the party directors assembled at Houston.

The presence of religious prejudice and intolerance in the party conditions is due to the candidacy of Governor Smith, of New York, for the Presidential nomination. His known Romanism in church faith and affiliation has aroused fierce personal antagonism to him in a formidable Protestant contingent of the Democratic party. The major millions of Democrats do not worry themselves over Governor Smith's religion. They rightly consider it as his personal affair and as wholly foreign to his qualifications and availability as a representative Democratic candidate for the Presidency. They adhere to the ancient Democratic principle of absolute religious freedom and tolerance.

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But that liberality of the majority does not avoid or annul the menace of such a religionist revolt as the radical Protestant minority could excite and that would unquestionably imperil any chance of party victory in November.

So the most acute question at Houston will probably be, "What shall we do with the fanatics who threaten to bolt the convention unless they are permitted to have their way?" And if they do have their way and defeat the nomination of Smith on the ground of religious intolerance, what is to become of the Democratic vote in the New England and Middle States? Can it be held hereafter?

Unquestionably this vote, largely Roman Catholic, made possible the election of the only two Democratic Presidents we have had since the Civil War—Cleveland and Wilson. If that vote is to be told that it is to be ostracised in the matter of official preferment, and that hereafter "none such need apply", what is to be expected from the element that has for more than half a century been the backbone of Democratic strength in the North? Is it unreasonable to assume that, so far as the Democratic party is concerned, it will be gone—and gone for good? And in that case the party would cease to exist as a national organization.

Assuredly it would be academic, if not actually visionary, now to predicate a split convention coming away from Houston. The Republicans have as many reasons to fear such an outcome from their convention at Kansas City earlier in June. They look up from their strategy maps to see in the smoky air about them the ghosts of the rebels of 1896 and 1912.

The most interesting and important speculation arises from the possibility of formidable splits in both parties and their subsequent reorganizations, with new alignments of voters and with public issues more logically allotted between them.

Assuming that we have now a simulacrum of political conditions such as existed between 1848 and 1856, then the best and happiest things that could result from the election in November would be a recrystallization of the voters in a new Democratic and a new Republican party, neither of them inheriting the sins of their predecessors, neither of them retaining the poison of old sectional prejudices, and neither of them "solid" in the South or

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in the North, in the East or in the West. The old "bloody chasm" is filled, the "bloody shirt" buried and rotted, and the bond of national peace and fraternity is enshrined for posterity in the tomb of the Unknown Soldier at Arlington. Then why not parties that are both equally national?

Voicing with some warrant of authority a sentiment that has been growing in the South for several decades, the writer affirms that the new-born parties above sketched would be welcomed with great favor and warmth by the Southern people.

Politics in the South, monopolized and dominated by the leaders of a single docile and self-serving party, has been devoid for two generations of any acute sense or interest of national or international quality. We have inbred our home patriotism, because, for a long season following the War between the States we figured and felt as "the poor relation" of the richer and more powerful sections of the Union. Our isolation and enforced self-preservation encouraged local oligarchy and enfeebled our strains of statesmanship. The consequences of ring rule and prohibited competition in political matters have been impoverishing to the cultural, social, industrial and progressive interests of the Southern States.

The masses in the South need the awakening and stimulating influence of new and expansive political issues. They would be intellectually and patriotically improved by education in the larger problems of national welfare, and international relations between our country and the peoples of the world.

They need, for instance, to learn intimately their personal interest in issues of tariff, and transportation, and immigration, and power creation and distribution, and conservation of natural resources, and foreign trade as related to a merchant marine and wider markets for American products. General discussion and understanding of such issues for political treatment, both in State and Nation, would easily and soon create a half dozen "doubtful States" below Mason and Dixon's Line and rid the political atmosphere in the South of the war-aftermath slogans and brain-anæsthetics that have stupefied our people and stagnated our statesmanship, once so rich and regnant.

There will come a wonderful uplift of personal and political

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independence in any Southern Commonwealth when two strong, reputable, progressive parties shall contend for control of its local governments and determine its part in the national legislation and administration. The wiser and more practical men in Southern enterprises are earnestly hoping to see that new era arrive.

If, then, both Kansas City and Houston should exhibit nose-dives and crashes of the old machines, there will be cheers, rather than tears, among many millions of citizens who will hasten to exchange their old tags of "Republican" and "Democrat". The couple of temporary *tremblors* may shake down a lot of old party shacks hither and yonder, jar loose a lot of political barnacles, and tear open many of the "refuges of lies" from which go forth periodically wild roorbacks to deceive the electorate. The healthful and far-reaching benefits, however, will rejoice sane patriots and rejuvenate the whole American system of popular rule and responsible representative government.

The current sneer that both parties are without cardinal distinctive principles, and that there is no real difference between a Republican and a Democrat, except, that one is "in" and the other is "out", accents a common feeling among the people that national politics is only a gamble for the spoils of power. The party leaders on both sides are responsible for that mordant consensus. They have treated the greater interests of the people with timidity or truculence, and overslaughed them with *ad captandum* appeals to party prejudices, class and racial discontents, and reform pledges that tickled the ear and tricked the hope. No wonder, then, that millions of the plain people look upon many of the party leaders as traders and tub-thumpers.

It demands great human or national issues, and strong men of convictions and vision, to marshal the emotions and consciences of a people so numerous and practical as ours. Newly framed parties with newly accoladed leaders might produce the needed popular revival and resumed marches upon the highway of noble service and national glory!

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VODKA, CHIANTI, AND ICEWATER

BY IRVING T. BUSH

It may be a debatable question whether the national beverage is responsible for the characteristics of a people, or the characteristics of a people are responsible for the national beverage; but the fact remains that in the land of vodka, the fiery drink of the Russians, the firing squad still flourishes; in the land of chianti, laws are framed with the spice of what the friends of Italy call "a benevolent Dictatorship"; and in the land of icewater, old-fashioned Democracy pursues the even tenor of its uncertain way. We might even pursue the analogy a little further, and find some relation between the champagne of France and its Government, and the stolidity of the German character and its beer.

At the moment, I am interested only in the experiments of government in Russia, Italy and the United States. Certainly, the Governments of the first two are in an experimental stage, and our own, measured by the ages of history, is still in its incubation period, and is frequently termed "the great experiment in Democracy".

I shall say very little about the land of icewater, for my readers live here, and know all there is to know about it. It is called the "melting pot", which seems to imply a slow simmering down of all the ingredients of national life. When I read of the thousands of laws which are passed at Washington, and of the efforts of Congress through restricted immigration to get just the right mixture, I sometimes wonder if we are not more of a national cocktail with the melting ice of common sense its saving ingredient.

Be that as it may, we have undergone a pretty thorough shaking up from the Democracy which was conceived by the framers of the Constitution. It was their intent to have laws initiated by Congressmen elected by the direct vote of the people, but to place a check upon their sometimes over enthusiastic actions, by re-

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quiring the approval of a Senate selected by the various State Legislatures, and a veto power resting in the hands of the Chief Executive presumably chosen by Electors who would meet in solemn and impartial conclave, to determine the best man for that high office.

It was undoubtedly the purpose to safeguard our institutions by providing a representative government with a little more balanced judgment than a Congress representing, as it does, the average of the people.

If a Democracy is a government by the law of averages, it follows that such a government can only be improved as the average intelligence of the people is raised. In a melting pot, or a cocktail, the average of the ingredients is likely to become overheated or too exciting. This the framers of the Constitution apparently recognized, and the checks which they planned were designed to insure a sober second thought by men of superior intelligence.

We have drifted from the course originally laid down for us, and through the adoption of direct primary laws our Senators are chosen in exactly the same manner as our Congressmen, and the Electoral College, instead of being a grave and impartial group of men, who decide after careful deliberation who is the best man to be President, has become a meeting of political dummies who never deliberate at all, but merely go through the form of casting their votes for party candidates.

I am not writing this in criticism of our institutions, but the best mariners sometimes look back just long enough to determine whether they are steering a straight course, and if we take a look at the starting point, it will show that the course which our Ship of State has sailed is not quite the one laid down by the original pilots. It does not follow that it is worse—it may be better, but it is at least different. Human nature is prone to accept promise for performance, and one result of having the Representatives in Congress, the Senators, and the Chief Executive all elected by the people, is that the candidate who pounds the table, and shouts that he stands for high wages and low taxes, is very likely to be elected, and the one who runs upon a platform of a sane recognition of economic laws, finds that his appeal to popular favor

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produces the same chill as the national beverage. He is usually sent back home to think it over.

The crowned heads of the world are now wearing more ordinary headgear. A hundred years ago, the people of the world were kissing the hands of their sovereigns to save their heads. Today, the few remaining royalties spend much of their time kissing the boots of their people, to save their thrones. It is the day of Democracy—either real, or imitation—mostly camouflaged. Real government by the people is yet a little difficult to locate, and many so-called democracies are, when it comes down to brass tacks, governed by uncrowned kings who hide behind a stuffed figure dressed in the homespun of Democracy.

I am something of a realist, and believe that a spade is a good name for a spade. If a nation can have a successful Democracy, by all means let us have it, but if a king is necessary, why not take the royal robes out of camphor, and set him up on his throne, where his loving subjects can keep an eye upon him, and chop his head off, if he proves to be the wrong kind of king?

There are a number of forms of Democracy, nearly all good in theory. The trouble seems to be with the practice, and we might as well recognize at the very beginning that if a Democracy is a government by the people, you cannot practice a very intelligent government unless you have an intelligent people. Intelligence is usually the product of education, and it follows that the cornerstone of a successful Democracy must be an educated citizenship. If you will take a look over the world, you will be surprised to see how few of the nations which are ostensibly democracies have a standard of education capable of supporting such a form of government. This explains the recent crop of Dictators, and emphasizes the wisdom of the gentlemen in Congress, who remarked to President Wilson that the thing to do was to make Democracy safe for the world, before attempting to make the world safe for Democracy.

The only apparent way in which you can make the world safe for Democracy is by educating its inhabitants to a point where they can safely govern themselves. This takes time, a lot of it. It may be possible, on the other hand, to make Democracy safe for the world by providing a sufficient number of checks to safe-

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guard the will even of educated people. This, in theory, is what they attempted to do in Russia, when they adopted the Soviet form of government, and, if we may believe his friends, it is what Mr. Mussolini is endeavoring to accomplish in Italy.

We will take Russia as the first example. The theory of a Soviet government is admirable—particularly for a people like the great mass of Russians, who have received little education. I am even inclined to think it is a theory which, if properly applied, has many advantages over our own system of government. It has nothing to do with Communism. The whole trouble in Russia is due to the fact that the Communist party has not permitted the Soviet form of government to function. Even a good theory is not of much use if it is not applied, and the trouble with the Soviet Government in Russia is that it has been twisted out of its democratic form, and has become an Autocracy of mass which is even more dangerous than an Autocracy of class. A properly organized Soviet government is merely a democracy built in the form of a pyramid. The man in a small community has only to vote for the members of his local Soviet or Town Council. Even with an uneducated people, the average man is quite capable of saying whether he wants John Smith or John Brown to be a member of the body which will preside over the destinies of his home town.

The next step is to have the local Soviets, which form the base of the pyramid, select a few of their members, to form the next higher Soviet, or the second tier in the pyramid, and by the same method a process of filtration is supposed to carry the best intelligence of all of the Soviets to the apex of the pyramid.

This form of Democracy apparently recognizes that the uneducated man at the bottom, whether he lives in a small town or a big city, is not capable of passing upon the qualifications necessary for the man at the apex, who must deal with economic and foreign problems beyond the understanding of the ordinary citizen. It is an attempt to create a government by the people, through representatives having a higher intelligence than the average of the people.

An illustration of the folly of submitting to the vote of the people questions beyond their comprehension can be found in the

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frequent amendments to our State Constitutions, upon which all voters are asked to express their opinion. The average voter never reads the amendments, and would not understand them if he did. The result is a matter of common knowledge.

As I have said, the difficulty in Russia is not with the theory of Soviet government, but lies in the fact that it is not permitted to function. In the beginning, the pyramid was narrow at the base, because only the members of the Communist party were permitted to vote, and the apex consisted of a self-imposed group of Communist leaders who were trying to hang on to the point. Recently they have been endeavoring to shove each other off, and some of them have slipped so badly that the apex is crumbling. At the same time, the base of the pyramid has recently been broadened by permitting more of the Russians to vote, including some of the peasants. When the privilege of voting was first extended, those who were given the franchise were told they could express their will, but at the same time they were informed what their will must be. The result was the establishment of a party government with a vengeance. Only one party is in power, and vengeance is exercised against anyone who opposes it.

I am not endeavoring to point out any perfection in the Government of Russia, but merely to explain that in theory it is just another kind of Democracy, which has some advantages over our own. I do this, because we have been told so often that our own form of government is the most perfect in the world, that we are inclined to think any form of Democracy which differs from it, even in detail, cannot be good. We *have* the best Government in the world, with all its faults, but this does not alter the fact that other theories of Democracy may be as good as our own, and perhaps better, if they were directed as intelligently.

Our success in government has not been due entirely to the theory which underlies it, but has been partly due to the educated human material which has directed it. Without a good theory, we could not have made headway, but it is fair to recognize that those who formed our theory of government were dealing with relatively simple problems, and could not foresee the complications of the industrial civilization which has been created. We have also tampered with their work, by removing some of the

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checks which they established as safeguards. Our progress has been the marvel of our century, and we may well be satisfied with it, but isn't it worth while to keep a weather eye on what others are trying to do, and not be too critical of their plans, because they differ a little from our own?

The next interesting experiment is being carried on in the land of chianti, under Mussolini.

Mussolini has done many things which the world criticizes, and it is popular just now to consign him to perdition as an enemy of Democracy. It is too early yet to say just what he is. Either he is the greatest man of his generation, or just another Dictator. Most of his critics claim he is the latter, but I am content to wait until time has demonstrated just what he will do, before I form judgment.

The world gives him credit for having brought his country back from the abyss of Socialism, to work and reality. This has been a real accomplishment and, measured by prosperity alone, Italy under Mussolini is better off than for several generations past. Mussolini has accomplished his result by unusual methods. There has been a little bit of the cocked hat and military pose about the way he has done things, and many do not like it. Perhaps it has been necessary, in order to stimulate the Italian character. I do not know, but I am willing to give him the benefit of the doubt, until time gives a more certain answer.

He has said that Italy is too poor to afford an old-fashioned Democratic Government, that it must have one of ordered efficiency, without the costly floundering which so frequently is the result of public will expressed through an average Congress.

I asked him in 1923, what I should tell the American people from him. He snapped back: "Tell them I am not a despot—that I will restore free government to Italy, and that Italy will pay its debt to America." The payment of the debt has begun, and Mussolini has announced that he intends the opening of an Italian Parliament in 1928.

The despot proposition is still on the fence, so far as an outsider can determine. A man must be judged by both his accomplishment and his purpose. There can be no question that Mussolini has accomplished much for Italy. His purpose is yet unknown,

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and perhaps misunderstood. I will give it to you from the mouth of one of his intimate friends, with whom I talked in Italy, only a few months ago.

He said: "We know Mussolini has been criticized for the drastic remedies which he has applied to the ills of Italy, but in order to be just, you must see the situation as he saw it, when he came into power. You can then decide for yourself what you would have done under the same circumstances. At that time, the people of Italy were not working. There was discontent everywhere. Politicians were corrupt, and the Italian newspapers lived upon blackmail. Mussolini saw the tremendous change it was necessary to bring about, and knew that it must be accomplished within the span of his single life. He knew the danger of his assassination, and that his natural life might be much longer were it not for that danger. He therefore determined it was necessary to take steps which would seem harsh. He knew he could hope to accomplish his purpose only through the application of drastic time saving remedies. That is the reason, and that is the excuse for many of the things which he has done: things which he would not have done, if the situation had been less urgent."

It is not a nice story,—this tale of social unrest, corruption and blackmailing,—but I give it to you as it was told to me in Italy, by a man who knows Mussolini.

He then said that it is Mussolini's purpose to hand back the Government of Italy to a Parliament representing the people, but he knows that such a Parliament, if it is to give good government, must be composed of men having higher education and intelligence than an average of the Italian people. He is seeking a Parliament of superior men not responsible to mere voters moved by tricks of oratory and the passions of a political campaign. He seeks to base his Parliament upon the theory of Guild representation. He will have it composed of men representing the various vocations, trades and professions of his country. He thinks, so chosen, they will be outstanding men selected by the Guilds to represent their interests, because they have achieved position in the ranks of their fellow workers. He hopes that they will not be able to talk themselves into Parliament, but must work them-

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selves in by climbing the ladder of success in their chosen vocation. Here again we see that Mussolini is endeavoring to safeguard the weakness of a Government by representatives chosen by the direct vote of the people. In a different way he is aiming for the goal sought by the framers of our Constitution.

If Mussolini's life is cut short, the world will never know what he might have accomplished. If he lives, and carries into being the programme which his friend has outlined, he will write upon the pages of history the record of one of the great men of all time.

Isn't it fair to suspend judgment, until we know whether he does the things which his friend says he will do, or whether he is tempted by the lure of power, and proves himself a despot?

In the mean time, it is interesting to note that these struggles towards different kinds of Democracy, in three countries, meet the same difficulty. It is how to get representatives of the people elected who will be so much above the average of the people that the laws which they enact will be safe for the people who elect them.

In Russia, the process of evolution goes on. The pyramid is broadening at the base, and it seems certain that Communism will in time be succeeded by Democracy. Evolution is a slow progress. A generation may pass before this is accomplished. A generation is a moment in the lifetime of a nation. There are three hundred years of despotism under the Czars to be lived down and forgotten.

In Italy, the result will be known much more quickly. In the United States, we have based our Democracy upon an educated citizenship, and the standard of mass education is steadily advanced. This is a safe foundation, and even though we may have weakened our Government, by departing from the principles of the framers of the Constitution, we have strengthened it in other ways, and are on the road to a prosperous future.

Let us be content with our own purpose, but understand others who seek the same end along a slightly different road.

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THE SPHINX BROTHERS

BY LELAND STOWE

EVER since that August day in 1923, when his name flashed across the newspaper headlines of the world, Calvin Coolidge has been regarded as the political Sphinx of the United States. There have been actions and some words, particularly one phrase, to lend justification to this appellation.

France also has her political Sphinx. If anything he is more of a conundrum and more of an antithesis to the average Frenchman in public affairs, than even the President is in American politics. For Raymond Poincaré, in more than forty years of public office, has always been the man who defied precedent and strict party lines. At one and the same time he is the most un-French and yet the most super-French of all French statesmen of today. Un-French in characteristics; super-French where national security and honor are concerned. He is the great animated riddle whom no contemporary political mind has been swift enough or keen enough completely to unravel, even as Mr. Coolidge has been the much talked-of riddle in the present political life of the United States.

Unless one studies the two men carefully, however, their remarkable kinship in many important respects does not become fully evident. Perhaps for that reason it has seldom, if ever, been portrayed except in fleeting similes. And yet the parallel between M. Poincaré and President Coolidge is a great one—and one of diverse phases.

Mr. Coolidge is admittedly the strongest man, politically, in America today. M. Poincaré is the same man in France's much more complicated political scheme. By the nature of things it is only since the financier-lawyer from Lorraine again assumed the Premiership and national helm in July, 1926, that their common attributes have become increasingly significant and striking. Amid the din of post-war confusion appeared these two men who

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might be called the Sphinx Brothers of the Sister Republics (if a Sphinx may presumably be masculine!).

They have been extremely like in their policies; closely related in their national methods; happily similar in results obtained. In the matter and manner of governmental direction their programmes have paralleled each other with more than chance frequency.

Mr. Coolidge has always insisted on economy; hewing to the thin line of Government necessities. So has M. Poincaré. Mr. Coolidge has descried the need of the Government's internal organization and efficiency. M. Poincaré has also. Mr. Coolidge has warned against the danger of heedlessly running up public expenditures. His French counterpart has been, in this respect, even more uncompromising.

From the first, Mr. Coolidge has demanded national budgets safely balanced. M. Poincaré has secured the adoption of two balanced budgets under the most adverse and discouraging financial conditions in the world. Incidentally, they are the only budgets the French Republic has been able to balance since the war. Mr. Coolidge has said reasonably little and "sawed wood". M. Poincaré has said considerably more—and sawed a great deal more wood; partly because national exigencies made it imperative, but partly because M. Poincaré's hardy outlook on life made him look at everything only in terms of results obtained.

Their political and administrative habits, then, reveal much in common. Yet these kindred traits are both emphasized and exceeded by the similarity of their personal habits. To list the most outstanding habits of one is to list those of the other.

M. Poincaré does not drink alcoholics, not even wine; which marks him, in all probability, as the only Premier France ever had who did not appreciate and patronize his native land's liquid glories. Nor does he smoke. It is hardly necessary to mention the President as a temperance man, while his sole indulgence in tobacco is an occasional cigar. Neither has any hobbies in sports. Mr. Coolidge once attended a world series baseball game, when the home town Washington club was competing, but it was more of an official duty than a pleasure. The Lorrainer never follows any kind of sports. They do not interest him.

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His only recreation he finds in morning calisthenics and walking. Both he and Mr. Coolidge are formidable men to match strides with, while whatever sparse conversation they exchanged (if ever they should walk together) would be equally caustic.

The President is fifty-six, about an average age for the American Chief Executive. M. Poincaré is nearing sixty-nine, an age when most American statesmen have long since retired, or at least are serenely pensioned on the Supreme Court bench. There is nothing serene nor pensioned about the life of the French Premier. His is one of the most intensely active, relentlessly energetic careers in any nation's public life today. If Mussolini's is a one-man Government, it is at least certain that Il Duce cannot work harder nor longer than the financial dictator of France.

Although on the verge of three-score years and ten, M. Poincaré rises daily at six A.M. and rarely retires before midnight. Fifteen or more hours of work a day are his regular allotment, and he will not tolerate less. He is just as thrifty with minutes as he is with francs—and in both cases, always for the benefit of the Government. Here again he is the Frenchman who is not French for Poincarian efficiency is nothing less than one hundred per cent. He has system, order, tremendous application, almost no temperament and virtually no sentiment. Yet none of these characteristics is notably French. As for his unslackened vigor, that is purely his own.

Just as the President shuns society and social functions, M. Poincaré has an aversion to them. He is out of place; has no time for pleasantries or idle talk. They annoy him. He finds more enjoyment in a quiet evening at home—which he probably spends poring over reports and financial data. The theatre likewise has no lure for him, and he attends only when official niceties demand it. Like the Vermonter, he is an old-fashioned, rigidly conscientious man, content with modest pleasures and the simple things of life. However far and high their careers have carried them, Poincaré and Coolidge still belong much more to Lorraine and Vermont than to Paris and Washington.

This fact is easily explainable, for the two men have like foundations from which they could never entirely grow away. Both were born in farming countries. Both grew up, one in the

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Vermont foothills, the other among the stubbornly fruitful Lorraine slopes, with the boyhood knowledge that even a fair livelihood can be gained only by hard, persistent effort. Both came of forbears to whom frugality and honesty were first principles. Both came of what we like to call the common people.

Seeing Raymond Poincaré in his boyhood home, doing his share of family chores before and after school hours, one would no more have pictured him as the future financial savior of France than the Plymouth, Vermont, farmers of forty-odd years ago saw in young "Cal" Coolidge the future President of the United States. Yet he who speaks today of American Government speaks first of Calvin Coolidge. He who speaks of French Government and France's recovery first mentions that curious anomaly of French politics, Raymond Poincaré. Each has come up from rude beginnings. Each has refused to bend his homely conceptions of life to political and social patterns. Each has let others court popularity while he courted the job at hand.

And that brings us to perhaps the most outstanding similarity of all between Coolidge of the United States and Poincaré of France. Mr. Coolidge could never be conceived as a popular figure. He has as much mass attraction in his appearance, his actions and voice as Deacon Harbury of Plymouth, Vt. He has as little "crowd personality" as any President of the United States probably ever had.

M. Poincaré is equally delinquent in popular glamor. He has no human touch. He is a practical, hard-headed, eternally conscientious man. His pulse beat has never bothered him any more than Mr. Coolidge's has. He lacks the qualities of an instinctive leader. Even today, when the French people realize that they owe him more than any other living Frenchman, with the possible exceptions of Foch and Clemenceau, the Premier is as bereft of popular appeal as a sapling is of leaves in January. His associates in the Cabinet respect him very highly. But few of them like him—save as liking is temporarily aroused by the results absolutely essential to France's welfare which he has accomplished.

At no time was M. Poincaré's spiritual incapacity to stir the emotions of other men more glaringly demonstrated than during

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the most gloomy days of the war. As President of the Republic it was his duty to visit the trenches. The *poilus*, they thought, would gain new enthusiasm, be spurred to greater effort, if Monsieur le President greeted them in their mud-soaked dugouts. Prompted by his love of military discipline, the President had a special cap and uniform made for him, which resembled more than anything else a chauffeur's outfit. He toured the front, talked with men in the trenches, went to the bedside of wounded and dying men in the hospitals. He tried, very sincerely, to make these men who were giving most for France feel how much he realized what their battles meant. But he failed. Always after Poincaré departed the soldiers were disappointed and disillusioned. That is how they came to call him *une pelote d'épingles* (a pin-cushion). The matter-of-fact, unromantic Lorraine ancestry of Raymond Poincaré had bred into him hardly a spark of what Theodore Roosevelt and Georges Clemenceau had in such abundance.

Perhaps there is a degree or two more of the human touch in Calvin Coolidge. But if so, there are only a few friends who have been privileged to see that side of him. Would Coolidge, or Wilson, either, have been much more of a success had it been their lot to visit the American doughboys in the front lines?

There is also the similarity of point of view, in way of thinking. Like Mr. Coolidge, M. Poincaré began his career as a small town lawyer. Like Mr. Coolidge, also, he advanced in political power because of homely virtues—inherent honesty, constant application, conscientious fulfilment of every task.

M. Poincaré's honesty is impeccable. No one in France would even think of questioning it. When he left the Elysée Palace after the war, he was much poorer than when he became President. In addition, his country home in Sempigny had been destroyed by the Germans. Eventually rehabilitation funds enabled devastated villages to be rebuilt, but for a long time M. Poincaré refused to ask the State for funds to rebuild his home. His house was the last to be reconstructed. The ex-President waited until every peasant's cottage had been restored.

No French public official has served France longer, yet sought less recompense and received less recompense, than M. Poincaré.

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While he was Premier and Foreign Minister after the war he would never touch the special expense drawing account of the Quai d'Orsay, even when he entertained foreign guests. Guests were numerous in those days, but M. Poincaré spent all his private funds, and sold several farms which he owned in Normandy. Then when he left the Foreign Office his successor, M. Herriot, benefited by a sum of 14,000,000 francs which M. Poincaré had saved.

On one occasion when M. Poincaré was Premier and Minister of Foreign Affairs, employees of the Quai d'Orsay passed about from one to the other an invoice which became renowned as an official curiosity. It was a bill presented by a plumber for some minor repairs, and amounted to forty-seven francs. It had already been approved by sub-officials. But the Premier is a man who insists upon passing judgment on every item in his department. He had examined the plumber's bill, crossed out the forty-seven francs as too high, and written in forty-two francs fifty centimes as the amount to be paid. Saving netted to the State—four francs fifty centimes!

These are examples of the unswerving integrity and straight-hewn legal frame of mind which are pronounced in the man from Lorraine. In France he is often spoken of as "Legal Poincaré"; and with abundant reason. He has always insisted upon the rigid interpretation of the Versailles Treaty—nothing short of "to the letter". During the financial crisis he battled fiercely against any experimental innovations or radical departures. Conservative economics, hard common sense, was his warcry. He rasped out his briefs so convincingly that the Deputies were forced to join the Poincarian parliamentary sheepfold. Frequently many of them wanted to jump fences, but no one has yet dared make the first leap. Beyond his demand for logical legislation, there is no sterner foe of Communism and Bolshevism in France than Poincaré, the born disciple of law and order.

To his legal mind is closely allied his spirit of cautious conservatism. Some critics have said that this quality actually approaches intellectual timidity. If he has not been timid, at least he has often been exceedingly prudent. For months he has been that very thing about stabilizing the franc. Some have said

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it was because he believed the country's economic situation required that he should wait; others, that he was afraid to take the decisive step and fix, once and for all, the franc's value so far below its former standard. There is no question that the Premier has harbored the secret hope of finding some means of further revalorizing the franc. As a result he has been the most non-committal man in France regarding stabilization.

Throughout his nearly five years in the Presidency, Calvin Coolidge has been equally conservative. He has never taken a hasty decision. He has seldom, if ever, betrayed his own immediate opinion. He has always taken refuge in time to confer and opportunity to sound out the ground. Was it always that the President had his own solution but wished to bolster it with other peoples' ideas? Or was it sometimes that he, too, was stricken with intellectual timidity over which he drew the opportune cloak of New England conservatism?

Unquestionably, it is this native conservatism, native in New England and native equally in Lorraine, which has built up the tradition of "Silent Cal" for the one and of the Sphinx of Lorraine for the other. But the Yankee achieved this illusion because he would not speak unless he wanted to and because he had the natural instinct to hit upon epigrammatic phrases not quickly to be deciphered when he did speak; whereas the Lorrainer has moved in a Sphinxian mist because, whatever he might say, he could always make people wonder what he was thinking and planning.

There is this in common: Both have mastered the art of knowing how not to commit themselves; at least, not until it is convenient for them to do so. President Coolidge's "I do not choose to run" was a perfect example of the White House Sphinx breaking silence. M. Poincaré's recent speech in the French Chamber during the financial debate, when he warded off the Left's demands for immediate stabilization by failing to tell them how, when or at what figure he proposed to stabilize the franc, was another. The riddle is there in both cases. And in both countries people are still debating as to just what those statements did mean. It should be noted, likewise, that the net result in both cases is that Coolidge and Poincaré enjoy the advantage of having the Opposition in suspense before the elections.

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It is one thing to call Mr. Coolidge a political Sphinx, another to apply the full term to M. Poincaré. There have been numerous occasions when newspapermen and Democrats—and probably a good percentage of Republicans—have asked themselves whether the President was simply naïve or whether, after all, his native Yankee shrewdness was not outmanœuvering the other politicians at their own game. Whatever the explanation, it is noteworthy that it was almost invariably the Opposition which was left holding the bag.

M. Poincaré has never attained this same political finesse. He came to power when he was the only man who could do the job at hand. He could not ingratiate himself with half a dozen different parties with conflicting programmes (a far more difficult task than under a two-party system) and at the same time maintain his own beliefs. Nor did he need to do so, since his opponents had no choice but to follow him. Therefore, when an issue was concerned, he has often been headstrong and careless of whom he hurt.

As for electioneering, he is as poor an electioneer as any public official in France. For this reason alone he went down before the *Cartel des Gauches* in 1924. The chief difference between the men in this respect seems to be that M. Poincaré bows to political expediency when it is necessary, but he does not betray the politician's way of thinking. If he makes a purely political speech, it lacks the Coolidgian subtlety. He out-works and out-drives the politicians, but he does not out-think them as Mr. Coolidge does.

What has been M. Poincaré's attitude concerning the foreign affairs of France? Almost invariably he has been definite, without generalities. He was definite about occupying the Ruhr, and did so. He is definite about France's need of security against Germany and about payment of reparations. He is even as definite as any French statesman can be about the war debts; France will stand by her obligations and pay every franc that she can. M. Poincaré has not the imagination nor the disposition to indulge in platitudes.

On domestic questions the Premier may not always commit himself. Certainly not, if he believes that the end he has in view will in any wise be jeopardized thereby. But when he takes the

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rostrum to defend his Government, he hews to a conclusion and piles up the facts, figure upon figure, to support that conclusion. When he talks he inevitably says something—a fact which his enemies long ago learned to be too true.

M. Poincaré may therefore be called the talkative Sphinx, yet a Sphinx constitutionally wedded to logic and sound reasoning. As between Coolidge and Poincaré, here is the anomaly; the Sphinx who creates the illusion of silence, contrasted with the Sphinx who speaks so concisely and so well that few French Parliamentarians can hope to stand against him.

And this leads, inevitably, to one of the chief reasons for M. Poincaré's brilliant achievements—his amazing memory. There is not a man in France today, and very probably not a statesman in any European Chancellery, who is gifted with his uncanny retentive powers.

Only a few weeks ago Poincaré addressed the Chamber for three and one-half hours in defense of his financial policy, quoting figures and statistics with characteristic ease and surety but without once referring to notes. He has been known to address newspapermen for two hours regarding a book he was about to publish. Some of them had with them advance copies of several chapters which they followed as he spoke. The Lorrainer recited off in steady nasals chapter after chapter without changing a sentence or a word.

On another occasion, when a special copy of a next day's speech failed to reach the editor of *Le Matin*, M. Poincaré sat down and fiercely penned a new copy without notes or references of any kind. Later, the original copy turned up and *Le Matin's* editor, comparing them out of curiosity as to how accurate the author's memory might prove on this occasion, was astonished to find the two versions exact duplicates; even to corrected phrases which the Premier had substituted in the first.

M. Poincaré reads with terrific speed and writes so fast, his pen fairly racing from line to line, that he does not employ a shorthand stenographer and has no use for one. As he writes his speeches they are inscribed in his memory at the same time. Nor is there anything more dangerous than to test his memory by criticizing his facts, for his accuracy is beyond reproach.

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A British correspondent gives this graphic illustration of M. Poincaré's mental assimilation:

> On the second day of his conference with Bonar Law in January, 1923, the conference which preceded the French entry into the Ruhr, M. Poincaré received his experts at 2.30 P.M. They read him their comment on the Bonar Law plan. When they left twenty minutes later M. Poincaré sat down and wrote several letters. At 3 o'clock he was in the conference room where he delivered a speech which contained practically the whole of the long report in the actual words and figures of the document.

Recently I had occasion to ask M. Poincaré for the explanation of his remarkable memory. His reply was: "It is only hard work. I am convinced that a very good memory is more a matter of continuous hard work than of mental gifts or original aptitude."

It would be useless to attempt a comparison in respect to M. Poincaré's well-nigh infallible memory with any American official. In fact, it is perfectly safe to say there is no American politician in the United States today who could hope to rival M. Poincaré's mastery of facts, figures and phrase. That is a large part of the unique power of Raymond Poincaré.

Perhaps it is here that the French Premier begins noticeably to outstrip the majority of European statesmen today. Even his enemies grudgingly admit his outstanding ability. As an orator, M. Poincaré is a master of the art. It has been said of him that "no man ever speaks with greater authority, none ever displays more tireless energy in preparing a case". After that, with superb logic, with a wealth of facts and with rare lucidity, M. Poincaré sweeps the Opposition's feet from under it.

But beyond that, in every phase of public life into which he has entered,—which includes official and intimate connection with the majority of the Government's departments,—M. Poincaré has demonstrated his unusual ability conclusively. Incessant work, constant application, mastery of details: these are factors which have placed him today, at sixty-eight, in the position of the most efficient and most valuable public servant in France.

Time and again he has proved himself; never more so than during the past twenty-odd months when he brought the French Treasury from the chaotic depths of but $1,000,000 in resources up to a reserve in foreign currencies alone of more than $1,000,-

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000,000, and the franc up to twice its value at the moment he assumed office. It is sufficient to say that the Assistant Secretary of the United States Treasury describes it as "one of the most astonishing chapters in the history of finance".

President Coolidge has never been confronted with any such terrific and apparently hopeless situations as those with which M. Poincaré has wrestled and won. It is exceedingly difficult to put one's finger on just how much he has done and how much someone else has done, but it is not necessary to attempt it here. Even as things are, the striking parallel between the two men goes much farther and is much more real than the casual citizen probably has ever dreamed. Each remains the official Sphinx of his native land.

Sprung from kindred soil; bred with kindred precepts of sobriety, unflinching labor and honesty; schooled in the same modest school of the small town lawyer; touched with the same cool, conservative outlook on life; adamant alike to popular acclaim, and constitutionally unfitted for wide popular appeal, Poincaré and Coolidge are the present-day glaring exceptions to all the rules of political success.

Ostensibly they are political misfits. By all the accepted deductions they should never have arrived where they are today. They are not men with whom party leaders are accustomed to traffic. As vote-getters they have no surface charms. Therein lies the mystery. The Sphinx Brothers of France and America get the votes. In the face of all political traditions, each is the strongest political force in his country today.

After that it is only necessary to say that the quality of the Sphinx remains. No one in America has yet satisfactorily explained Calvin Coolidge. No one in France has pierced the baffling exterior nor penetrated the unexpressed behind the bright steely glint in Raymond Poincaré's eyes.

It may be that homely virtues and a man's unalterable determination to be nothing but himself have, in 1928, more appeal to the man in the street than silvery-tongued oratory, pre-election promises and the antics of a demagogue.

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MAKING A SUPER-PORT

BY GEORGE S. SILZER

Chairman, Port of New York Authority

TOPSY "just growed up". And that is what has happened to the City of New York and the two hundred municipalities constituting the Port of New York district. From the time when the Dutch settled Manhattan Island until the present, when the Island is filled to capacity and the City stretches out to Westchester County, Long Island and New Jersey, there has been growth and development. But it has merely "growed". Each movement has been a further step in the expansion of population and business, without definite plan or aim.

If our forefathers could have planned for the Port District of New York, no doubt they would have devised something in anticipation of the tremendous growth that has since taken place; but it is not in the nature of things for men to do this. The usual method is to wait until the demand is pressing; and nothing is done so long as sufficient territory remains to lay out additional cities and towns.

Public bodies do not look far into the future. They have present plans before them and are under pressure to keep the tax rate down. This is true not only of municipal agencies but also in most instances of individuals as well. There are comparatively few pioneers or men of vision. James J. Hill did, indeed, see the possibilities of a continent, but there are few James J. Hills. Only a handful of men saw the necessity for the creation of a Port District for New York. Fewer still were they who could impress their views upon the public.

The result of the failure to plan in advance is that in the more or less haphazard way in which cities grow, many things are still left unprovided. If New York City could do its planning now, it certainly is doubtful if it would use the original cow paths as layouts for streets. Another added factor of difficulty at

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the Port of New York is the extraordinary and rapid growth of the district, which is quite unprecedented.

It is the unusual which dramatizes and forces our attention upon those things which we should have visualized. This was the case with conditions in the Port District. In 1916, the State of New Jersey, acting upon the impulse of the municipalities on the western bank of the Hudson River, started an action before the Interstate Commerce Commission. At that time the freight rates for shippers on the eastern side of the harbor were the same as those on the western bank. New Jersey claimed that since the rails ended in New Jersey, the railroad rate for New Jersey should be the rail rate to that territory.

Since freight to other points in the harbor had to be lightered over the river and bay, New Jersey maintained that those who received such additional service, should pay for it. This would at once have established one rate for the eastern side of the harbor and another for the western side.

However, the Interstate Commerce Commission, after a full and comprehensive hearing of the case, decided that the harbor must be treated as a whole and that the rates must remain uniform. It also suggested that New York and New Jersey should coöperate in full and comprehensive development of the Port, situated as it was in both States. The idea of "splitting the Port" was defeated.

As a sequel of this decision, the Port of New York Authority was born. Far-sighted men like Eugenius H. Outerbridge, then President of the State Chamber of Commerce, of New York; Governor Whitman, of the State of New York; Governor Smith, then in the Legislature; Governor Edge, of New Jersey, and others of broadness of vision, joined together to furnish the instrumentality of coöperation. First came a bi-state commission—the New York-New Jersey Port and Harbor Development Commission. This body, after an exhaustive study of the engineering, legal and economic problems involved, devised and recommended the Port Compact or Treaty, adopted by both States on April 30, 1921, and affirmed by Congress; and the Comprehensive Plan approved by the States and Congress in 1922.

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The plan outlined the development of the port as a whole, particularly with reference to its freight, and provided in a general way not only for the protection of the Port against the efforts of rival ports to divert commerce from New York, but specifically for the upbuilding of the Port and the removal of all handicaps. The treaty or compact created the Port of New York Authority as a public corporation representing the two States.

By one stroke there was thus set up a body to do the work that it was impossible for two hundred separate municipalities to do. What was formerly no single responsibility of either State, or of any muncipality, now became the duty of the newly created Port Authority. What, because of local self interest, had formerly been a division of strength, was now welded into a single powerful agency having behind it the force of both States and all of these municipalities.

So it came about that the territory which heretofore had "just growed up" was provided with an agency organized to develop the Port in a more orderly way. It is a unique experiment in government. Things which could not have been done by separate municipalities, and which previously could not even have been attempted in a territory so divided by State and municipal lines, can now be undertaken and are being carried out. The problem was nothing more or less than a sectional problem complicated by State lines.

As it was experimental in a large sense, the Port Authority was given less power than had been and still is exercised by similar bodies in Montreal, New Orleans and elsewhere. The Port Authority, too, was limited by the provision in the treaty that it might not tax the district or any part of it, nor raise any funds for its work by assessments for benefits, but must operate through the use of such funds as might be appropriated by the two States. The States, since its organization in 1921, have annually appropriated $100,000 each for the effectuation of the Comprehensive Plan and the development of the Port.

With this small sum, the Port Authority set up a competent staff to study the problems and to make recommendations, many of which have already been carried out. Others require not only

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additional development but, what is more important, the co-operation of the municipalities, the States, the railroads and other transportation agencies.

The effectuation of a comprehensive plan for development is necessarily a slow process; first, because of the conflicting interests of the numerous railroads entering the territory; second, by reason of the diverse interests of the municipalities; and third, because of the complexity of the problems involved.

With the changes brought about by the war, the development of the gasoline engine and motor truck transportation, the building of tunnels, bridges, etc., it would take a wise man to predict the final and complete solution. I feel sure that the railroad executives, who are as directly interested and as competent as any one can be, are themselves still uncertain of the course to be followed.

In the midst of the earlier studies by the Port Authority, with its limited means, the States were unexpectedly confronted with problems seemingly impossible of solution. There was a great demand for bridges connecting Staten Island and New Jersey, and New Jersey and Manhattan. Neither of the States desired to tax its citizens for enterprises likely to aggregate at least $100,000,000 in cost. The conflict of jurisdiction made the problem doubly difficult.

In this juncture, the Port Authority was found to be the ideal body for undertaking the work. The States provided a small "cushion" or equity, and left it to the Port Authority to secure the balance of the funds. After a careful survey the Port Authority was able to convince bankers that the bridges would be self-sustaining and were entirely practicable from an economic standpoint. It sold its bonds through the bankers to the public. As a result, three bridges are now being built between New Jersey and Staten Island, and the largest suspension span in the world is under construction over the Hudson River.

These crossings, while in one respect a departure from the original plans of the two States, are, nevertheless, a valuable and effective aid in the solution of transportation problems in the metropolitan district.

While the cost of the bridges runs into large figures, and while they will have great utility for both States, the larger work of the

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Port of New York Authority still lies before it. At all times it must be on guard to preserve the supremacy of the Port of New York. Constantly it is fighting proceedings brought by other competitive ports of the United States—proceedings designed to take away or decrease commerce passing through New York harbor.

The other tasks outlined for the Port of New York Authority are contained in the statutory Comprehensive Plan. They include in part the establishment of union terminals; the coördinating of marine operations; the building of belt lines, and the coördinating of railroad freight and passenger facilities.

While progress necessarily must be slow, partly because of selfish interests and the difficulties inherent in the situation, much progress has already been made. If this body continues to be conducted as a business organization free from partisan or political influence, the Port Authority must be of increasing usefulness to the metropolitan district and it will play an increasingly important part in the ultimate solution of the Port's transportation problems.

It has been proved that we cannot always overcome our difficulties by orthodox or old fashioned methods. To apply the unique may be novel, but it may also be effective. Comparatively little use has been made of the Compact Clause of the United States Constitution, but I am sure its more frequent use might be greatly beneficial in the solving of sectional problems.

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WHY MEN ARE OUT OF WORK

BY WILLIAM GREEN

President, American Federation of Labor

LAST summer the field representatives of the American Federation of Labor began sending in reports of increasing unemployment. These reports persisted, although industrial indexes indicated prosperity. We were disturbed, for dread of unemployment is the dark shadow that never wholly vanishes from the wage earner's thoughts. The Federation began gathering unemployment data for the unions in the main industrial centers in August, and found that unemployment was widespread. Each month has brought an increase in the number reported as unemployed.

General attention was not attracted to this rising tide of unemployment until the seasonal unemployment of the winter months increased the number making application for relief at public agencies. Then we began to think more critically over figures from the Census of Manufactures that showed increased output with fewer persons employed. It had seemed highly probable that the workers displaced through increased efficiency would find employment in new or expanding industries.

Between 1914 and 1919 production increased twenty-eight per cent. and the number of persons employed thirty per cent.; between 1919 and 1925 production increased twenty-nine per cent. and the number of persons employed decreased by five per cent. The number of employees had increased in a few industries only—the automobile industry, the paper and printing industry, and in the stone, clay and glass industry. The decrease did not occur suddenly but slowly over a period of years. Therefore until recently its importance had not become obvious.

Why has employment in manufacturing industries decreased? The quantity of commodities produced has increased. Production in the last six years has been on a high level, increasing orders

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have poured in, and the volume of sales has grown from year to year. The reason for the decrease in the number of workers in a period in which production increased is the fact that the productivity of the worker per man hour increased more than production. What lies back of that the census statistics fail to tell us. It is clear that if productivity per man hour doubles and production per day increases by only fifty per cent., either fewer workers or fewer hours of work are necessary in order to produce the daily output.

In the iron and steel industry, for instance, production increased from 1919 to 1925 by about thirty per cent., while productivity per man hour increased by about sixty per cent. Since we learn now that the number of workers in the iron and steel industry has decreased since 1919, we know that the number of hours of work has not decreased correspondingly to the increase of productivity over that of production.

The situation in the iron and steel industry is representative of manufacturing industry as a whole. In recent years (1922 to 1927) it has been the policy of the manufacturer to dismiss workers rather than to shorten hours of work.

Of course, other industries, such as building trades or transportation, and trade as a whole, have absorbed quite a number of those who have been dismissed by manufacturing industries, but certainly not all. Many have not found work.

This is one phase of the present unemployment problem we have to face: how to avoid unemployment resulting from an increase of productivity over that of production.

There is still another side. As long as industry has existed the worker has suffered from seasonal unemployment. During the winter months there is less work on the farm, there are fewer houses built, production as a whole slows down. Most of the indoor industries also have their good and their dull seasons, depending upon customs and conditions controlling use, and according to these employment increases and decreases.

Present high unemployment represents the addition of those unemployed through seasonal contraction of industries to those who are no longer needed because of increased productivity. What we have is not one unemployment problem but two. It is

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therefore important for us to remember that even if in the next few months unemployment decreases, because the amount of unemployment due to seasonal causes decreases, the other unemployment problem, that of unemployment because of productivity and production, remains to be solved.

Can we avoid unemployment? Let us consider first seasonal unemployment. Much can be done by educational work to break down habits and traditions that certain things are done only at fixed seasons. Definite impetus was given to efforts to stabilize production by the President's Unemployment Conference of 1922, which emphasized the possibilities of foresight and planning on the part of management. That conference marked recognition of industry's responsibility for meeting the unemployment problem. Study disclosed that much irregularity in employment is due to peak loads which may be leveled down and supplemented by side lines. Invention and new techniques help in the case of real seasonal difficulties, such as winter freezing which interrupted building operations. An outgrowth of the general Unemployment Conference was a committee to study the more specialized problems of the construction industry. This committee made recommendations and put a continuing interest back of its programme to give it effect. It found that the problem of seasonal production is in many cases that of seasonal demand. As far as it is a demand problem the remedy lies in most cases in educating the consumer.

Take the example of the paint industry. Once they did two-thirds of their business in the Spring. Everyone thought the time to paint was in the Spring. Consequently in that season there was plenty of work and full employment, while in the following seasons work slacked down and employment decreased. Then the employers and unions launched a "Paint in the Fall" campaign, and as a result of the campaign the Fall business is now just as great as that in the Spring. Or another case. Mr. Ford writes in his autobiography:

> We very shortly found that we could not do business on order. The factory could not be built large enough—even if it were desirable—to make, between March and August, all the cars that were ordered during these months. Therefore, years ago we began the campaign of education to demonstrate

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that a Ford was not a summer luxury but a year-round necessity. . . . Thus we have no seasons in the plant. . . .

By "Shop Early" and "Mail Early" campaigns the Post Office and retail merchants have done much to level down one of the sharpest seasonal peaks.

These examples show clearly the way out of seasonal unemployment. The manufacturers and dealers should get together to work out and perfect plans of distributing demand and production more evenly over the year as a whole. However, when the Ford plant changed to a new model, a majority of their employees were without work for a period of six months. Mass production introduced a new problem in unemployment.

In addition to this constructive attack, which seeks to solve seasonal unemployment by eliminating it, there have been developed remedial helps, such as unemployment insurance. A fund for relief of the unemployed is provided by the individual plant, and maintained by contributions either from the employer amounting to a small percentage of the weekly payroll, or from employer and workers jointly, amounting to a small percentage from wages and payroll. This fund provides a reservoir from which a weekly payment may be made to unemployed workers to tide them over the dull season. In many cases this fund is provided by the union alone, subscriptions being collected from union members. A number of unions have such plans.

Much more complex is the problem how to deal with unemployment resulting from an increase of productivity greater than that of production. At first sight the problem seems to be a simple one: Increase production to such an extent that its increase equals that in productivity. And in fact there is no reason why production should not increase at this rate in industry as a whole. For there is at present no other limit to the demand for goods than the purchasing power of the consumer. Thus the unemployment problem reveals itself as a production and purchasing power problem. If production keeps pace with increasing productivity per man hour, and if the purchasing power of the consumer keeps pace with production, there will be no unemployment problem because of increasing productivity.

This holds true for industry as a whole, but not for all the single

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industries. In many single industries we find other limits for increasing production beside the purchasing power of the consumer; we find that the demand for certain goods is limited because we do not need more of them. Everyone will be satisfied with one, two or three umbrellas. And if productivity per man hour in the manufacture of umbrellas doubles, no manufacturer will double the production of umbrellas, because he knows he can not sell them. But if he does not increase the production correspondingly with the increase of productivity, either fewer hours of work or fewer workers will be sufficient to produce the number of umbrellas required to satisfy the demand on the market. If the manufacturer of commodities for which demand can not expand indefinitely does not reduce the number of hours of work, a great number of workers will have to be dismissed, and it is practically sure, as the development in manufacturing industries in the last years has shown, that not all of the workers dismissed will find employment in other industries.

Another phase Labor has been watching with concern: The displacement of skilled workers by machines with relatively few operatives. Skilled hand crafts, like glass blowers, have been displaced by machines. Comparatively few glass blowers are necessary as operatives. Similar results follow from mechanization of the textile and other industries. Thus far expansion of those industries and the development of new industries have absorbed these workers. But we must be on guard to anticipate a saturation point or a decline in new developments.

Recognizing that increasing wages in proportion to productivity has a stabilizing effect through assuring buyers for the increased output, the American Federation of Labor at its 1925 convention declared:

> We hold that the best interests of wage earners as well as the whole social group are served by increasing production in quality as well as quantity and by high wage standards which assure sustained purchasing power to the workers and, therefore, higher national standards for the environment in which they live and the means to enjoy cultured opportunities. We declare that wage reductions produce industrial and social unrest and that low wages are not conducive to low production costs.
>
> We urge upon wage earners everywhere: that we oppose all wage reductions

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and that we urge upon management the elimination of wastes in production in order that selling prices may be lower and wages higher. To this end we recommend coöperation in study of waste in production which the assay of the Federated American Engineering Societies, covering important industries, has shown to be 50 per cent. attributable to management and only 25 per cent. attributable to labor, with 25 per cent. attributable to other sources, principally managements in industries producing commodities for any single industry under consideration.

This statement was an amplified revision of Labor's consistent refusal to accept wage decreases on the ground that such decreases not only meant lower standards of living but were an additional factor in bringing business depression.

However, our wage programme alone is not enough to meet the whole problem. In addition, Labor recommends, in order to avoid unemployment, a decrease in the number of hours worked during the day and a decrease in the number of days worked during the week. In a period in which productivity in certain industries is increasing more rapidly than production, in a period in which general business is not expanding as rapidly as productivity is increasing,—that is, in a period in which the workers dismissed from one industry because of increasing productivity cannot find work in other industries,—the only solution of the unemployment problem is a decrease in the number of hours of work. Needless to say the total amount of wages received during the day or the week must not decrease, because otherwise the purchasing power of the worker would decrease, and chances to increase production and to sell the increasing output are gone if the purchasing power of the wage earner decreases.

This recommendation of decreasing the number of hours of work per day and the number of days worked per week as a remedy against unemployment, gives a new basis to the programme of the eight-hour day and the five-day week which has been an aim of the American Federation of Labor since 1926. The five-day week and the eight-hour day without overtime not only are a benefit to the worker, providing rest and recreation, but they will contribute greatly at the same time toward a stabilization of employment that will help immensely in the Nation's struggle against unemployment and the maintenance of the market demand.

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Labor recognizes that there are other factors in this problem, but we believe definite progress can be made by putting into practice our recommendations:

Wage increases in proportion to increased productivity.

Decreases in hours when production does not keep pace with productivity.

A constructive programme of public works deferred to provide for seasonal unemployment.

Provision by the industry for unemployment relief.

Continuous efforts by union and management to regularize production.

The Unemployment Conference of 1922 recommended advance planning for relief measures by authorizing public works and deferring active work until periods of seasonal or cyclical unemployment, and then getting them under way when workers were released from other industries. This policy is based on good public economy in addition to serving a humanitarian purpose—public work would not be competing with industries operating on a full programme.

The American Federation of Labor has urged this policy upon Congress, and had it been followed it would have brought relief to many unemployed during the recent winter months. Even now Congress has before it proposals for Government construction work which, if adopted and begun, would go far in relieving the present situation. These proposals are: Flood control system; Army housing; and Naval construction programme.

In unemployment as in all economic conditions we are finding that the consequences cumulatively affect all other groups. Unemployment reduces the buying capacity of those concerned, and sooner or later exerts a depressing effect on production. It is of primary importance that unemployment should be prevented wherever possible, and the responsibility falls primarily upon management. Wage earners who invest their skill and labor power in industry raise the question as to why reservoirs should be created to assure stable incomes to investors of capital without similar provisions for the stabilization of the incomes of wage earners.

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SAILORS AND SHOPKEEPERS

BY CLIFFORD BAX

It is said that when Sir Francis Drake set out on his voyage round the world, the shopkeepers of Plymouth were so contemptuous of the enterprise that, without staying to wish him God-speed, they returned to their shops and to a sensible mode of life. The story stuck in my memory because it is an ideal illustration of two temperaments, the Romantic and the Rationalistic.

In the literary world, for the time being, the Rationalist is triumphant. The very word "romantic" is now frequently used by authors and reviewers as though it were a synonym for "childish" or "muddle-headed". This frame of mind has, no doubt, many causes, and one of them, unquestionably, is the strong influence which Bernard Shaw has had upon many people who are now between twenty and forty-five. Just as the prestige of Queen Elizabeth made dark hair unfashionable at her court, so has the bias of Shaw's temperament made romance unfashionable among the *intelligentsia* today. An after-war Romantic, indeed, must feel like a canary among sparrows. All the books or plays that he or she will hear discussed or commended are the work of writers who assume that the romantic spirit has been finally pecked to death by ridicule. Shaw and his disciples, however, achieve their effect by means of a trick. They pretend that an attack upon Sentimentality is an exposure of Romance. A brief article does not give scope for precise definitions of the words "romantic", "rationalistic" and "sentimental", and accordingly I can only offer suggestions, honestly made, of what they mean, and hope that, from point to point, the reader concurs.

The Rationalist is a man whose intelligence is stronger than his emotions. The Sentimentalist is his true complement. The Romantic stands halfway between the two; for although he values life chiefly for its emotional yield, he disputes the claim of the Rationalist to a monopoly of intelligence. Now, when the

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Rationalist says that a film producer is romantic, we see him performing his trick. He is implying that the Romantic persistently falsifies reality (of which more hereafter), presents life as though "love" were its only great interest and, with his instinct for concealing the dustbin behind a rosetree, insists upon a happy ending to every story. Those, however, who plume themselves upon their immunity from mental astigmatism, ought to see that Romance may be present as much in a voyage of discovery or a search for buried treasure as in a quest for the ideal companion; and ought to reflect that Prince Charlie, Mary Stuart, the Emperor Julian, and indeed most of the historical persons who are generally accepted as romantic figures, were persons who failed and whose lives had certainly no comfortable ending. If I say, then, that the film producer is sentimental and not romantic, I am suggesting that Sentimentality is a spilling of emotion—is emotion unconstrained by intelligence.

The Old Maid who treats her dog as though it had human sensibilities; the Old Man who resorts to a packet of faded love-letters, as another might to the bottle; and the Anti-Vivisectionist who talks as though a surgeon were actuated by a passion for giving pain—all these are Sentimentalists: for the Old Maid ought to know that her dog does not suffer if somebody calls him ugly; the Old Man that, in the sum of things, he is according too much value to his personal memories; and the humanitarian that the surgeon, perhaps mistakenly, believes himself to be about to prevent incalculable suffering. So, too, any person whose intelligence is not under-developed ought to know that art and science, the ruling of a country, the winning of wealth or renown, or a fight with injustice, are objects in life that are as interesting as "love" itself, and that a happy ending is, in reality, not more common than the triumph of virtue.

When the Rationalist claims that the Romantic falsifies the truth about life, he brings us to the core of the quarrel. What truth does the Romantic falsify? Truth as seen by the Rationalist. Suppose, though, that Romance is a flavor in life which only some people can detect? The man who should say that it is not there, would be twin to the man for whom nothing is comic. If you do not "see" a joke, you will say that it is not amusing: if you

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do not feel Romance, you will say that Romance is nonsense. The Romantic regards "love", for example, as a major experience of life, and women as, at best, fit objects of idealization. The Rationalist is nothing if not "knowing". He sees clearly that the Romantic is being fooled, for he "knows" that women use the male idealization of themselves for the simple purposes of Nature and that, in consequence, a sex relationship is a plain and practical business. Manifestly, if he takes this view of women he precludes himself from discovering anything else in them. Dante's view was considerably different; and if Shaw were to say that Dante was deceiving himself, Dante might well rejoin that Shaw is no better qualified to pronounce upon the subject than were the shopkeepers of Plymouth to describe the South Seas.

II

If Romance, then, is not Sentimentality, what are the factors of which it is composed? Perhaps we may say that they are three and that all three must be present together. The Romantic aims at self-realization through his feelings. He considers that he will have misused life if he does not try to make it yield up the fullest and highest emotional experience of which he is capable. The first factor, then, is that, whether the emotion be adventurous, amorous or religious, there must be an emotional quest. Only the journalist, the nursemaid and the Rationalist assume that "love" is always romantic. There is nothing romantic in the decision of two people to live together, and the journalist reports every wedding as a romance because he assumes that it is the culmen of an emotional quest.

He is using the word, however, too glibly. Neither Paolo nor Drake would be romantic figures if the former could at once have married Francesca or the latter have bought a Cook's coupon for the South Seas: for where there is no difficulty to overcome, there is no romance. The Romantic wants a great happiness so intensely that he will dare any danger and endure any hardship in order to obtain it; and if no dangers or difficulties confront him, the romance in his nature remains potential. And here is a spirit not common at the present time, for the after-war genera-

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tion either does not believe that a high emotional experience is possible or is unwilling to try for it at the cost of much suffering.

To these two factors—the emotional quest and the tackling of obstacles—we must add a third. We must say that in a life or a story that is romantic there will be something of the unusual—that which Pater called "an element of strangeness". Why is the life of a city clerk, whatever he may be potentially, not a romantic spectacle? Because it is repetitive and suggests no unexpected events. For the same reason we do not associate Romance with machinery. For the same reason, again, there is less romance, by suggestion, in a straight road than in one that winds, in the streets of New York than in those of Naples, in a modern liner than in a sailing-ship. Moreover, if a millionaire marries the daughter of a stevedore, the journalist uses the word "romance" with redoubled gusto because, in addition to the emotional quest on the part of the millionaire, he perceives the factor of unexpected change in the life of the stevedore's daughter. The jog trot of ordinary life has been varied. It is because of his liking for the gay unexpected that the Romantic, who more rejoices over the one Neapolitan barrel pusher who became a world famous tenor than he grieves over the ninety-and-nine who were left, ardently hopes that the Rationalist will never achieve a society of complete equality. And the Rationalist has usually a tendency toward Socialism because, being predominantly intellectual, he had rather that society should have the uniformity of a machine product than the variety of something produced by nature. He had rather that the world should be dull than that it should not be as neat as a mathematical demonstration.

Literature will support, I think, these indications of what it is that makes up Romance. Which are the high peaks of romantic fiction? Here, I submit, are some of them: *Sakuntala*, the *Odyssey*, *Aucassin and Nicolette*, *Le Morte d'Arthur*, *Romeo and Juliet*, and *The Tempest*. What do we find in them? *Sakuntala* is the story of a king who hunts in a forest, finds a maiden whose personality is still fragrant after fifteen hundred years, falls in love with her and intends to marry her. After prolonged separation and distress, they reunite. The *Odyssey* tells of a king who, after long absence, experiences immense difficulty in coming to

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his home, his wife and his son; who kills those that have usurped his place and finds the happiness which he sought. *Aucassin and Nicolette* are two very young lovers who, forbidden to marry, become separated, and only reunite after much wandering and distress. The *Morte d'Arthur* is the story of a king who inspires his knights with a longing to find the Holy Grail—the object which, of all objects in the world, has for them the greatest emotional value. Romeo and Juliet are lovers who risk everything for the hope of a great happiness, and who do not survive the difficulties which they encounter. *The Tempest* is a story of various people (not excluding Ariel and Caliban) who are seeking for various kinds of happiness and who, after persevering through many difficulties, achieve their desires. In all these stories we follow the fortunes of someone who goes all out for the sake of experiencing a great emotion, and who meets with difficulties and with unusual events.

If I omit the wild story of Sindbad the Sailor it is because the protagonist is not inspired by any emotional quest. Just as a king may be royal in everything except in his nature, so may a man be the centre of romantic events and yet not be himself romantic. The life of Bernard Shaw, so far as I know of it, provides an excellent illustration. It has, in fact, so many parallels to the story of Sindbad that, in due time, Bernard Shaw is likely to be regarded as a fabulous figure. Think of it: He sets out from a small green island to seek his fortune; he comes to another and larger island; he is frequently capsized into the sea of poverty; he is carried aloft, not by a great roc, but by a powerful editor; he knocks the serpent of hypocrisy on the head; he is plagued by the Old Man of the Sea, who is now known as Popular Prejudice, and gets rid of the Old Man by intoxicating him with sparkling jests; he meets a Strange Lady who conjures up the phantoms of his imagination in the dark cave of the Avenue Theatre; another Sorceress befriends him in like manner at a terrifying city which is perpetually overhung by smoke; he begins to consort with princes and viziers; he gains vast wealth, his renown becomes immense; and finally his life, in at least one respect, out-marvels the life of his prototype, for now "when Sindbad's beard was whitened by age" his lightest whisper travels immediately round the earth.

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III

Every disputant knows that it is easier to attack a statement than to justify it. The Romantic asserts that life can be beautiful if we keep ourselves at high tension. He aims at a fine thing. Now, it is the fine thing that can most easily be ridiculed. Who can parody the mediocre? And the easy device by which the Rationalist ridicules the Romantic is the use of anti-climax. An anti-climax is produced by thwarting an expectation of beauty, and it amuses us because we all have an inclination to let ourselves "run down". The Rationalist enjoys a play in which Julius Cæsar is presented as a funny old gentleman and Cleopatra as a thimble headed schoolgirl. These persons, once fancied to be of more than common stature, have been reduced to his own size, and he need not stretch his personality in order to understand them. Again, he applauds the notion of using the early Christian martyrs as figures in a farcical comedy. *Androcles and the Lion* delighted its audience because they welcomed the invitation of an able writer to belittle the great. In reality, they were behaving like the oafs who, when they see a portrait of Nelson (let us say) on an advertisement hoarding, display their wit by adding to it a pipe and a monocle, or like those ladies-in-waiting who, when their old mistress would no longer look in a mirror, blackened the face of Queen Elizabeth (as Ben Jonson tells us) and rejoiced in their comic genius.

Or again, we might say that the Romantic is like a man who attempts the high dive and the Rationalist like one who remains on the brink of the bath, paddling his toes. The latter is not only safe from making himself absurd but can complacently deride the failure of the unlucky, and, even if the diver succeeds, can readily prove that it is more sensible to slip into the water than to imitate the swallow. So, too, when middle aged people refer to Romance as a mere illusion of youth, they are usually parading the fact that they have let themselves run down. It is easier to become paunchy than to keep athletic. And if they are dropping into the common error of identifying Romance with sex love, they are talking as foolishly as if they were to deride youth for being able to run faster than they themselves can any longer run.

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IV

If we say that life has, for some people, a romantic flavor, we are not saying that it seems to them continuously or even predominantly happy. I sometimes think that the *Odyssey* is an immortal story because it is the typical story of human life. For we must remember that when Odysseus arrived at Ithaca, he arrived alone, and that many of his companions had perished on the way. Only the hero completely triumphs. Most of the voyagers neither triumph nor perish but meet with an intermediate fate.

Indeed, I should say that every man might recognize a large part of his own life when he reads the *Odyssey*. He has only to translate the events of the old story into modern terms. What though it be an abstract evil, instead of a physical monster, that we have to slay? The emotional experience will be no different, and that is the romantic element. Similarly, though we do not steer a ship in an unknown sea, we steer our consciousness through sixty or seventy uncharted years. Once we have started upon our voyage, we find about us a world of inexhaustible interest, a setting sufficiently beautiful and strange to befit the most romantic of journeys. And is it not, too, in the spirit of Romance that at last—perhaps in pain, perhaps in a dream—we should disembark on the boundary of the familiar world and go, as if across a range of blue hills, into the void or the new and unimaginable country that lies beyond them? All that is lacking to make life a romance is that the traveller should believe in the possibility of finding a great beauty; and if we have no such belief, we are not perhaps wiser than those who have, but are merely like the shopkeepers of Plymouth.

Love will not give to us anything finer than what we ask of it, nor will the ruler of a country direct it more nobly than we require of him. We are poor spirited if we wantonly allow life to run down, and vulgar if we deride those who strive to maintain it at a level of some beauty. No Romantic, looking back on experience, however far it had fallen short of his hope, would envy the temperament of a Rationalist.

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EUROPEAN VIEWS OF PAN-AMERICA

BY J. B. ATKINS

THE United States is to be heartily congratulated on the management of the Pan-American Conference at Havana by Mr. Hughes. Having followed his career for many years, I cannot recall an instance in which he conducted his case with more skill and resourcefulness or with more of that moderation which smooths away rancor. He might well have trembled before his task. We Europeans thought that Mexico or Argentina or Nicaragua or perhaps Salvador might easily succeed in inflaming this Conference into denouncing American "intervention". The "trouble" in Nicaragua looked like a providential argument for any Republic which wanted to make corresponding trouble at Havana.

Mr. Hughes did not conquer by shirking the issue. He faced it with determination, and yet he persuaded a majority of the Conference to accept a Fabian policy which was characteristic of him. Nothing is so likely to be beneficial in the circumstances as delay, particularly delay that is patently constructive.

The condition of constructive delay is satisfied by the decision to postpone the intervention question, as such, to the next Pan-American Conference, five years hence, and meanwhile to discuss schemes of arbitration. If the arbitration discussions which are to take place within a year at Washington shall be fruitful, "intervention" will wear a very different aspect at Montevideo—or wherever the next Conference may be—five years from now.

It seems to my European mind that the United States has no better opportunity for easing her delicate relations with Central and South America than is provided by this arbitration plan. It should be worth her while to apply a large part of her attention to it. She has very able lawyers who could unquestionably give to the Republics all the satisfaction required by moderate-minded men, while retaining for herself enough freedom to exercise duties and rights which are implicit in the Monroe Doctrine. I cannot

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think of any Englishman, except Lord Balfour, who could have matched Mr. Hughes's feat of dominating by reason and personal authority such a situation as was presented at Havana. And I cannot help feeling that if Mr. Hughes and Lord Balfour had been at the Geneva Naval Conference, there would not have been a breakdown.

I read recently in an English newspaper an article by an American who said that the whole of Europe was convinced that America was "out" for a policy of Imperialism, a policy of gradually putting the Old World in financial bonds and of dragooning the New World and probably annexing large portions of it. He said that no American would see in this interpretation of his country's policy a portrait that even resembled the truth. Neither do I see any resemblance to the truth in it. I think that he mistook for mistrust of America the customary frank discussion of America's difficulties with Mexico and Nicaragua. Let me try to give what I believe to be a true account of the feeling about America among those Englishmen who seriously study international affairs.

To begin with, we do not dream of disputing or deploring the Monroe Doctrine. On the contrary, we respect and honor it. There is every reason why we should do so. We are sufficiently worried by events near home without wanting to look upon the New World as an open field for fresh complications. In our view it is a vast convenience that America should have thrown a protecting arm across the whole of the American Continents, North and South, and have ruled out from it the passions and the acquisitive instincts of Europe. We are not unmindful that it was an Englishman who, in a white heat of indignation against the cruel hypocrisy of the Holy Alliance, "called in the New World to redress the balance of the Old".

The next point is that we recognize that the Monroe Doctrine has an interior aspect; it is directed not only to keep Europe at arm's length, but to preserve such conditions in the American Continents that the United States cannot be reproached with conniving at public offences while refusing to let anyone else interfere. It is this obligation, as I fully admit it to be, which lays upon America something like what Mr. Kipling calls "the White Man's Burden" of the British Empire.

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It is true that the alleged American policy of finance penetrates far beyond the American Continents, and in such extensions has no relation to the Monroe Doctrine; but I cannot think that the American writer to whom I have referred understood that Englishmen are not at all averse to seeing American money invested all over the world. Anglo-American financial collaboration is a happy growth that may have more influence on our relations, and particularly upon the preservation of peace, than most people at present suspect.

The cardinal instance of financial collaboration is that between the Federal Reserve Bank of the United States and the Bank of England. Not a day passes without some new effort in concerted policy. It is largely due to this policy that we owe the steadiness of price levels. Few observers have yet imagined the degree to which war might be held in check if official or quasi-official banking policy withheld credits from aggressive countries. High rates of interest would be temporarily sacrificed, but the banks would be actually insuring the world against the final ruin of war.

Wherever finance has brought the United States into conflict with Central and South America, she can rely upon a kind of wistful sympathy from British "Imperialists" who feel that in her experiences they are living their own life over again. How often have we had exactly similar experiences, and how often have we been accused of bullying and greed! Englishmen ought to be the last to throw a stone at Americans when Nicaragua is being compared with the Boer Republics of South Africa. Rather, the story of Nicaragua gives us an indirect exculpation of which we are conscious and of which we hope that Americans, who may have said some hard things about us in the past, are also conscious.

The simple fact is that Englishmen, thinking that it is as right and natural for America to trade wherever she can as it is for themselves to do so, accept as inevitable the consequences that flow from such trading. Where Americans have planted themselves or their money with the free consent of the country in which their operations take place, they have a title to protection. If protection is not given by the country itself, it must be pro-

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vided by America. If this were not so it would be hardly worth while to be an American citizen. It is not for a moment supposed by Englishmen that America will fall short of the practice of ancient Rome or modern Britain.

Our criticism is excited rather by the apparent unwillingness of Americans to admit the logic of their commitments. Take an illustration. When the foreigners in China were being threatened by the advancing hordes of Nationalists, inspired and organized by Bolshevists from Moscow, the British Government at once decided that ships of war and troops must be sent to Shanghai. These were sent exclusively to save life and under the strictest instructions to confine themselves to Treaty territory. There was no question of attacking the Chinese or of resisting Chinese Nationalism, as such, of which indeed Britain had declared her hearty approval. Yet there was some backwardness in America at first to coöperate with us and even to protect American nationals. We were made to feel that our action was frowned upon as a provocation in which a "non-Imperialist" country like America could not take part. In the end Anglo-American coöperation became complete and there is no doubt that the precautions taken prevented loss of life and destruction of property. Probably they prevented massacre.

We think, in fine, that America is slow to admit the pertinence of the truth enshrined in Bishop Butler's famous words, "Things are what they are and the consequences will be what they will be. Why then should we wish to be deceived?" In Nicaragua as in Cuba, in Porto Rico, in the Philippines, in Hayti, and in San Domingo, America intervened because circumstances compelled her to do so. She has acknowledged the duty as well as the right to keep her part of the world safe, but she has acknowledged it indirectly, not openly.

She says that her object in Nicaragua is merely to insure impartial elections, and that when she is satisfied that the Nicaraguans can manage their affairs decently without her aid she will withdraw. But when will that be? Has she not far greater responsibilities in Nicaragua than that? Britain means if not to withdraw from Egypt and India and China, at least to resign as many as possible of her functions in those countries; but every

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attempt to do so has been frustrated by hard facts. The very people who are the contingent beneficiaries of our proposed restraint have made it impossible again and again for us to carry out our policy without being unjust and cruel to somebody.

In India the ending of the *Pax Britannica* would be equivalent to opening the cages in zoölogical gardens. The stronger would fall on the weaker and devour them. It would be mere cowardice in us to be guilty of this wickedness because some people exhort us to do it in the name of humanity. In Egypt the British occupation is the sole protection of large colonies of foreign residents. We cannot betray them. And as for the Suez Canal, the guarding of it is a service owed to the world quite apart from our own interests.

One great canal leads on to thoughts of others. The Panama Canal is so indispensable to the world, to its quick exchanges of food and commodities, and therefore to its general wellbeing, that it is inconceivable that the United States should ever allow the Canal Zone to be tampered with. Mr. Roosevelt may have acted too arrogantly and impatiently when he used the revolution in Panama to get all that he wanted; but in his thoughts he was keeping step with destiny. He saw that an Isthmian policy was essential, and being a man of directness and bluntness he could not see why he should not say so.

I suppose that no party in Nicaragua is actually hostile at present to the idea of a new canal through that country, but if ever hostility should arise, America would certainly be justified in saying that the greater interest must override the lesser and that the health and wealth of the world must not be made subservient to a Nicaraguan faction in the name of liberty. Liberty no doubt includes the liberty to do wrong—but not when the wrong affects the majority of mankind.

At the Havana conference Dr. Guerrero and Dr. Pueyrredon, basing themselves on the International Conference of Jurists at Rio de Janeiro, pressed their case to a logical absurdity when they declared that no State must intervene in the internal affairs of another. That means that no State has a right to protect its nationals living abroad. Does Argentina believe that? I hope not, and I should think not.

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Mr. Hughes had behind him, as against the voice from Buenos Aires, the splendid common sense of the resolutions passed in 1916 at Philadelphia by the American Institute of International Law. One of these resolutions, which contains the substance of the others, says: "Every nation has the right to independence in the sense that it has the right to the pursuit of happiness, and is free to develop itself without interference or control from other States, provided that in doing so it does not interfere with or violate the rights of other States."

There is the heart of the matter. The United States cannot tolerate the violation of contracts, whether of business or humanity, voluntarily entered into, nor can she tolerate open and dangerous disorder at her gates. It is an utter mistake to suppose that Europe detects sinister intentions in any American policy which is really informed by the wisdom and liberality of the Philadelphia resolution. Europe knows that in outlawing the mosquito from the Panama Zone and cleansing Havana from yellow fever America has been a universal benefactor. She must preserve the conditions in which such benefactions can be continued and extended.

If there is any remedy for the jealousies and grievances within the Pan-American Union, it is not that of Argentina, whose proposals were out of all relation to her alleged sufferings from American tariffs and bans. The true remedy is that of Mr. Hughes, who in effect offers to put the Union on a Treaty basis. The cause of "no intervention" is apparently dead. The Havana Conference proved that a majority for it was unattainable, and so Pan-America passes to the more hopeful labor of substituting sense for nonsense.

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RECOGNIZING THE HOMEMAKER

BY EUDORA RAMSAY RICHARDSON

EFFORTS are being made to get in the United States Census some recognition for the homemaker. If they succeed, millions of women who have toiled without titles will no longer be listed as persons of no occupation. Many, however, who have felt the pay envelopes in their pockets, will be little cheered by the chance every ten years to tell some phlegmatic census taker that they are homemakers.

Five years ago I was so low in my mind regarding the college woman's chance for happiness as to be not at all sure that my little girl should be given an education beyond the Three R's and domestic science. Today I have reverted to the tenets of my violent youth and again hold belief in the baccalaureate degree plus a sort of vocational training not yet generally available.

In my adolescence there was a great deal said about the preparation for wifehood to be derived from a period of wage earning. Such nonsense was in the air. I believed it; I preached it. The practical requirements of marriage were as vague to me as the average person's idea of the interior arrangement of a celestial abode. Then came the dreary demonstration. Obeying the undeniable urge, I married; true to my convictions, I continued my work. Three years later, the baby arrived. My work was the sort that could be carried on to the last moment. Then in a twinkling my earnings were cut off, and family expenses were greatly increased. A civilized man, accustomed to electrical appliances and the services of a valet, could not be more desperate, stranded on the over-advertised desert island, than was I. The enormity of my responsibility had been emphasized to the exclusion of the technique necessary for grappling with that responsibility. I had read the works of estimable authorities; I had added to my library whole shelves recommended by high-

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pressure salesmen as possessing solutions for problems of a maternal nature; I knew by heart the pamphlets issued by the State Board of Health. Still it was all theory. Indeed my education seemed to be all theory. What on earth had calculus, Greek, astronomy, or even chemistry and biology to do with sterilizing bottles and preparing formulæ? How had swimming, basket ball, tennis, and hockey prepared for gymnastics involved in caring for midnight colic? The requirements of the swimming tests were no more familiar to aspirants for life-saving emblems than were to me the various holds that would soothe an infant. Yet against my shoulder the baby continued to writhe in pain, or over my trembling knees the head wobbled perilously upon the rubber-like connection that held it to the uncomfortable little body.

Here was I doing a piece of work for which I was wholly unprepared, when the world was full of tasks that I could turn off with one twist of that well-trained brain of mine. The nurses I might have intrusted with the baby came prohibitively high. I am not sure, moreover, that I would have been content with their services had I had the price to pay. No, untrained as I was, I had to stand by the ship, even though it took the form of a kiddie coop, baby carriage, or rocking chair.

Much that has been written of late on married women and careers resembles the work of those seven maids with seven brooms engaged in sweeping back the waves of the sea. The two million or more women in America who are combining motherhood with wage earning will not be taken out of industry by rhetorical periods and forensic oratory, nor will much talk help those of us who are temporarily laid aside and anxious to be in industrial harness again. Some women are working because of economic pressure, some to raise their families' standards of living; others because of an inner urge fully as compelling as financial considerations. Deplorable or not, the situation has to be met with a practical facing of the issues involved and with adjustments that will preserve the ancient institution of the home. The sentimentalist who would return all women to the hearthfire, and the biased feminist who disregards the sacred relationships of the family, are too prone to reason from preconceived con-

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clusions. The problem is one for thoughtful women to work out calmly.

During the last ten years, moreover, beneath the froth there has been an undercurrent of sane thinking on the subject of marriage and careers for women. Women's colleges are putting into their curricula courses which, though experimental, are being planned to help that large proportion of their students who will want to effect a combination of marriage and a profession. Studies of various sorts, conducted by individuals and foundations, are throwing light upon phases of the problem.

The college courses in orientation are of great value. Before woman can achieve satisfactory adjustment of her economic, marital, maternal, and domestic duties, she must see herself in relation to race history and the processes of her own evolution. Fifteen years ago the women's colleges made no attempt to relate the courses they offered to the social conditions to which students must return after graduation. We prided ourselves upon the masculine flavor of our education and scorned the traditional accomplishments of our Victorian mothers. Our education was academic and entirely unsocial. We had not considered, nor were we able to meet, the problems imposed by the unchanged status of marriage. So the effort of the colleges to orientate woman to her environment is one of the most hopeful signs of the times. For both men and women marriage must be cleared of false glamor and dissociated from romantic unreality before its practical necessities can be handled in a manner satisfying to the two people whose happiness is involved. The colleges, therefore, in their somewhat groping and frankly experimental courses are helping girls to adjust themselves to conditions as they find them.

The gesture for recognition of the homemaker in the census is not to be minimized in importance. It vocalizes the vague feeling of unrest which has been swaying through woman ever since the factory, the bakery, the delicatessen, the laundry, and electrical appliances have eliminated domestic efficiency from the list of requirements for wifehood. The home woman has work, of course, varying degrees of it, according to her husband's income, but honesty would prompt an admission that a

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term, even as beautiful as homemaker, when applicable to women in all social strata, from shanty to palace, to trained women and to women without training, cannot mean a great deal.

The early martyrs of feminism consciously chose between careers and marriage. We, however, of less altruism and a moral fiber not so tough, want our jobs and our homes. Because we have set ourselves the task of having both, we are going to find a way. The time is not far off, we hope, when we shall not have to reduce the number of our children to a disastrous minimum in order to serve our economic ends as well as our social.

Encouragement is to be found in the fact that girls of all classes, without apology or explanation, are now getting some sort of vocational training. Mothers are substituting "I want my daughter to be a useful woman" for the old "I should like her to know how to do something in case she has to". The evolution from work as a necessity—with its pitiable examples of middle aged widows who floundered into such genteel pursuits as conducting boarding houses, taking lodgers, or sewing for a children's shop—to work for the love of it, has come to pass. Having pushed back the walls of that sphere so exploited by the historic opponents of suffrage, women need be concerned no longer with forensic oratory but rather with demonstrating the truth of the orators' prophecies. There is always abnormality in the processes of reform. The woman whom change of status has left free to work out her own salvation, even though it be with fierce and sometimes unattractive concentration, is bringing feminism to normalcy. Precisely this the young woman of education and professional training is doing today. Her first step, moreover, is not an adjustment to domestic requirements but rather an adjustment of domestic requirements to her other uses. It is the height of absurdity to expect the advent of children to turn her suddenly into a person who can handle efficiently those duties which children bring with them—or have been thought to bring. The girl who has earned her salary as a what-not of industry is not going to be content even for a short period to lay aside the work for which she is trained for menial tasks which she does poorly. The sense of economic waste is a forerunner of her sense of spiritual waste.

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The trouble with the home run along traditional lines is that its work is too diversified for efficient accomplishment by any one person. The unsocial woman who makes a fetish of neatness often restricts her children in their play on account of the disorder they create. A woman who adores cleaning may despise cooking. An inspired cook may dress her children like frumps. The mother who is a genius in handling babies is often wholly inadequate during her children's adolescence. One may shine at the birthday party and evince much dullness in matters caloric. Even though we are of the genus *Homo sapiens*, it is not fair to expect of us all-wisdom.

Because too much has been expected of us, we have accomplished too little. Certainly few women have been eminent in the arts or the professions, but how many have been free to develop to the extent of their capabilities? Supreme success requires supreme concentration. The majority of the women who have been able to put careers first have been poor, repressed creatures with emotions and affections so unsatisfied as to limit even full intellectual expression. Lives of great women all remind us how hard it has always been for women to be great. When we think of all the uncongenial tasks the world has placed on women, the wonder is not that we have done so little but that we have done so much. Cassandra's calling is too thankless for me to court. Therefore, prophesying nothing, I merely await the day when more women may live normally and yet be free to work wherever their inclinations lead them.

The last twenty to thirty years have seen housekeeping delightfully simplified. As a matter of fact, only the baby is necessarily left to us—and him for precious few years of his life. Fifteen years ago the minimum school age in most places was seven—lowered later to six—and now the public kindergarten has placed it at five and the private kindergarten much younger. The emphasis being laid at present upon pre-school education presages a time in the immediate future when every child that walks will be led somewhere to be taught, leaving Rachel bereft of all save the infants. There are now, therefore, only a few years that the average woman needs to stay out of gainful occupation, but these years are foolishly wasteful. Public opinion could quickly

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eliminate them, and public opinion seems to be headed in the right direction.

The signs of imminent change, it is to be hoped, do not forecast, as certain pessimistic commentators fear, the junking of the family. There is no valid reason why evolution should mean the rubbish heap. The family came into being to meet social requirements, and its connotation has kept pace with changing conditions. Abraham's entourage was formidable enough to insure a degree of safety for travel through strange countries. Staying with papa made life simpler, in times of peace, war, or famine for the eleven sons of Jacob. The patriarchal family was brought about by necessity and not sentiment, and it was, of course, quite unlike the modern family with grandfather and grandmother spending their last years in a strenuous effort to see the entire world, with mother and father in Virginia perhaps, and offspring, if plural in number, scattered from Portland to San Francisco or from Galveston to Chicago, depending, it is to be hoped and expected, not upon family cohesion for their support.

Granting that the family is an institution worth keeping and believing that it cannot remain static in the midst of a changing world, we must set ourselves the task of adjusting it to present day necessities. The family never presupposed economic dependence of women. The wife of the patriarch, as described in the last chapter of Proverbs, was a person of so many duties that one is not surprised that her husband had nothing better to do than to sit at the gates among the elders of the land and be known, doubtless, through the accomplishments of his wife.

The day when the education of the child, in the South certainly and here and there all over the country, was carried on at home, is so recent as to be within the memory of our grandmothers. Yet some have advocated the child's being exposed in babyhood to expert care. The mother who is doing hurriedly—and inefficiently, most likely—the multifarious tasks the unorganized home involves, is too haphazard to give what the baby's awakening consciousness should have. Baby gardens, conducted by experts equipped by natural inclination, which all mothers do not have, and by special training, which mothers seldom secure, afford the best protection against inexperience, dandling grandmothers, and

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well-meaning relatives—provided, of course, the mother's touch is not lost. We love our five year olds no less because of the hours they spend in kindergartens, and surely they appreciate us more because of the time they spend away from us. There is nothing revolutionary about lowering the age of separation during the morning and early afternoon.

The tragedy of our sacrifice lies not in its effect upon us but in the fact that it is not best for the child, who should be society's first consideration. Any honest mother will admit that she and her children are in better accord when they are not together all the hours of the day. During last vacation between my six year old and me there was frequent friction. Now that she is in school again, we have established an afternoon and evening relationship based on an interchange of experiences and wholesome recreation. We have our separate interests which we share in so far as sharing pleases us.

Instead of less coöperation within the home, the plan that provides for the mother's outside work implies more. The father must be not merely the provider. He must add to physical parenthood spiritual parenthood as well. With the exclusion of men from the faculties of our elementary schools and the absorption of fathers by business interests, education has laid itself open to the stricture of being over-feminized. Here is the chance for masculinization. No loss of manhood is sustained by those men who once in a while take their children to the circus or the fair, for a tooth pulling or a hair cutting, and the mother who is relieved now and then from those necessities is drawn closer to the co-operating mate. When there is the right sort of team work, emergencies can be met, and mutual effort is often the alchemy that transmutes romantic love into something infinitely more precious and lasting.

It is, after all, a simple thing I am urging—two parents, each doing work that is pleasant and remunerative; children occupied with school and supervised play; pre-school children cared for by experts; and a home where the family can be united after work. For seven or eight hours of the twenty-four—and in many instances for considerably less time—mothers will be away from their children. There will, moreover, be less reason to seek rec-

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reation out of the home, for the home will no longer be wearied of before it is enjoyed. The race will be developing its women as well as its men—a condition that must aid the processes of evolution. Children will be given two parents—not a provider coupled with a drudge or a drone.

The trouble, of course, about the solution suggested is that it presupposes an evolution of society. In the meantime, what are we who are caught in the transition going to do about our problem? Precisely, I suppose, what many of us are doing: keeping our heads above water by making our jobs avocations during our children's infancy so that we may again turn them into vocations when more time is provided. What is good for the race, moreover, should have priority over what is good for the individual. Our lives must be organized about our children's needs. Work should not be the exacting taskmaster we have let ourselves consider it. A little ingenuity will go a long way toward effecting personal adjustments before society accepts extra home work for mothers as part of its programme.

There is arrogance in the assumption that woman is the homemaker. Home is man's sphere as well as hers. It is an institution builded by love and mutual needs, created to protect and comfort the family. Love of home is planted deep in the heart of the race. Home is a haven, a sanctuary, a place for renewal of life and love and all that is eternal in the heart of man; it is the soul of civilization, the essence of sweetness, of abiding faith. Whatever title there is must be conferred jointly upon husband and wife.

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ON THE GENTEEL ART OF COMBING ASSES' TAILS

BY T. SWANN HARDING

SOME reformer or other ever and anon dons his most profound look, grows confidential and asks me to believe that religion is, for instance, an economic phenomenon, and that when all people get their economic rights it will vanish. Man, having satisfied his material wants, will cease to postulate supernatural powers, will cease to pray, will cease to worship. I incline to skepticism. The hypothesis is too delightfully naïve.

Primitives are usually much more intelligent than civilized people in the sense that they utilize their intellectual equipment far more efficiently to cope with their environmental problems. Thus, generally speaking, they see to it that all have enough to eat and to wear and are sheltered all of the time. Among many primitive peoples the economic problem has been solved quite Socialistically, often Communistically. Yet primitives are so decidedly religious that rites and superstitions and taboos fetter them in every trivial act of their lives.

Very rich people are often sincerely religious without ulterior motive. It just happens that most men usually have spells, perhaps due to inferior digestion, during which they poignantly feel their impotence, their unimportance and the futility of their greatest efforts. In such spells it often perks them up, fabricates a functional superiority for them and does them a vast deal of good to postulate a deity and to worship, thus feeling superior to other men and justifiably dependent upon a higher power at the same time. Other men, whom we shall discuss later, feel differently, but they are always numerically negligible.

Man has a natural gravitation toward the wonderful, the magical and the mystical. Emotionally I believe he vastly prefers them to the cold, prosaic operations of methodical science. Our race is afflicted with a congenital tendency to madness and

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unreason. As Anatole France, Aldous Huxley and the minor prophets have stated, "wherever the choice has to be made between the man of reason and the madman, the world has unhesitatingly followed the madman."

Men like authority, too. They despise suspended judgment. They must be Methodists or Infidels or Atheists or Agnostics or Vegetarians or Socialists or Republicans. Skepticism horrifies the average man. Even philosophers of today have lost the valuable trait which Plato exhibited in the *Parmenides* when he made the experiment of demonstrating that his own fundamental principle was practically untenable. Yet even if that principle of ours be untenable, we may find it very useful. Since when has the validity of an idea placed limitations upon its utility?

Man is not a reasoning animal at all. He is, as Unamuno insists, a sensual or a feeling animal. A cat thinks and acts incisively. It never reflects, speculates nor philosophizes. It never exhibits remorse, feels impotence, hypothecates a feline deity. It is rationally sufficient unto itself and faces the great, indifferent universe gracefully unafraid, daringly bold, elegantly supercilious. The race of cats is therefore deliberately and habitually haughty to humans.

Solve man's economic problems and his chronic nostalgia, his yearning for the supernatural, his constant desire to justify himself to himself, will escape from material things only to long more fervently than ever for the gifts of godhood—omnipotence, omniscience, omnipresence and infinite leisure. "Expel religion forcibly and it returns under strange disguises," said Huneker in *Unicorns*.

For, as I have said, I am skeptical. Some of us are, by nature. In saying this I have rendered myself liable of course to the charge of Skepticism with a large S. For in being a skeptic I do not seem to have advanced one step beyond the Deist, the Idealist, the Socialist or even the downtrodden Methodist. That is to say, I have announced a theory and have classified myself. I also am a gregarious mammalian of the *Genus Homo* and am therefore bound to classify myself with my own subherd, to enunciate some theory or other of the universe and to justify myself.

But I should like to refrain from developing my individualistic

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skepticism into a system. I want it to remain a mere method or technique. I have no desire to justify skepticism nor should I care for anyone to believe as I do because I do. If I can stimulate thought, well and good. I have no desire to dominate or to mould it.

We are now getting down to psychological bed rock. For the strictly rationalist infidel or agnostic or atheist often fails to see that he is psychologically at one with the dogmatic religionist. Buddhism has actually demonstrated that a perfectly effective religion may be founded upon acute agnosticism, the concept of Deity being there superfluous. In *The World as Will and Idea* Schopenhauer advances the notion that the concept of immortality is so highly desirable that it alone sustains religious faith, and that if the infidel could successfully synthesize a belief in immortality with a denial of Deity, infidelity would at once become a vastly more popular religion than it now is or ever has been.

For Schopenhauer of course observed that it is a religion. It is a response to those yearnings which we all have but which we gratify so differently. The psychic discharge which one man accomplishes through religious ecstasy, a second accomplishes through semi-rational religious contemplation, a third through blatant secularity or infidelity, and a fourth perhaps through philanthropy, ethics, conscientiousness, scientific endeavor, officious meddling with the private life of others, filial devotion, social consciousness or intoxicating liquor. The discharge is precisely the same psychologically, and the accumulation of psychic energy demanding the discharge essays the same qualitatively.

Some exceedingly interesting people, essentially sciolistic in character, take refuge in intellectuality or in Radicalism for this discharge, and make a religion of higher learning or Bolshevism. My good neighbor attends church five days weekly and on the remaining two evenings sits at home and plays gospel hymns to himself on the phonograph, meanwhile praying desperately and rather vociferously at intervals. The advanced sciolist would denounce this as absurd, atavistic and revolting. His wife declares that he is much more supportable in this phase than he is

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when he drinks to excess. I do not know. But I do know that the advanced intellectual Radical is usually a sciolist in that he assumes he has become freely nonconformist and exceedingly scientific merely by exchanging one dogma for another and retaining bigotry and fanaticism unaltered. The latter, you remember, is aptly defined by Santayana as a process of redoubling your effort when you have forgotten your aim.

The sciolist assumes that by translating problems into an incomprehensible and highly artificial nomenclature he has achieved inerrancy, and that by abusing perfectly good scientific terms he has attained mathematical exactitude, whatever that may mean in a day of rampant relativity in mathematics and of growing empiricism in physics. He dons the verbal integument of scientific method, without inner change of heart, quite as some unregenerate priest might don the robes of office. He would scorn the priest, and yet himself says Mass before the very same altar of emotion that the priest utilizes. Moreover while doing these things the impenitent sciolist assures us loudly that he is very advanced, very profound, very original, very iconoclastic, very synthetic and, God save us, *very* scientific!

What has just been said amounts to nothing more then a restatement of well established scientific fact. Much older than James is the idea that "He believes in no God and he worships Him". Paul caught the Athenians adoring an Unknown God. James added that "the more fervent opponents of Christian doctrines have often shown a temper which, psychologically considered, is indistinguishable from religious zeal".

But attempt at this late day to include such an idea, sound and commonplace though it be, in an article for publication in even the most radical free thought journal available, and it will surely be deleted. You will be lucky indeed if your article is not cleverly emasculated to make you say things quite different from those you intended to say. I learned this by experience. Articles are usually so mutilated by smug free thought editors because they can no more bear strictures against their religion than can Presbyterians against theirs. You must not even whisper that infidelity is psychologically at one with religious conviction, for that is slander against the faith.

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Yet our more bigoted radicals are obvious religio-neurotics in search of some new protective gregariousness to sustain them, or some caustic individualism to render them sadistic martyrs. Their very faces betray them; their snarling speeches and writings with symptoms of repression are an open book. They clamor for freedom of thought and of speech when their real need is an intellectual grasp which would give them something definite and useful to say.

The skeptic who does not insist upon making a philosophic dogma out of his skepticism is in a better position. He doubts sanely like a scientist, because he wishes to learn. In certain segments of human activity he is aware that he may really know truth as a terminal experience, and he cites fact and utilizes it accordingly. But in realms of metaphysics and cosmic philosophy he knows that one guess is just about as good as another, and no better. He therefore reserves the right to dally with whichever speculation momentarily produces in him the warmest glow of satisfaction. But in season and out of season he insists that his speculation is only a matter of personal comfort and that it is a speculation, however enjoyable, lacking compelling authority. He will gladly laugh with you at his speculation, provided you are genteel enough to laugh with him now and then at your own.

For in these spheres we want comfort and satisfaction, not dogma, vindication and ill-temper. As Remy de Gourmont says in his *Dust for Sparrows*; "I have known very religious men in all professions, as I have known also convinced Deists and Spiritualists, who were *nevertheless* quite intelligent, very enlightened, very well-balanced in all manifestations of practical activity. Which may, all of it, serve to demonstrate that when one passes out of the realm of the knowable the knowledge of the atheist and believer are of perfectly equal equivalence." Both may be very serviceable indeed. Both gratify an urgent psychological whim which demands gratification on pain of making us very uncomfortable. But the individual who practises scientific skepticism is demonstrably less likely to emulate Dr. Kunastrokius than is the dogmatist of whatever brand.

For Laurence Sterne tells us that the good doctor took "the

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greatest delight imaginable in combing asses' tails, and plucking the hairs out with his teeth, though he had tweezers always in his pocket".

The religious or other dogmatists can undoubtedly have a diverting time sinking their teeth into an opponent's dialectic. That is perfectly all right if they really prefer such primitive technique. The skeptic simply insists upon using his tweezers and any other legitimate implements which science offers as aids to understanding the universe better. He also desires to be imposed upon as little as possible, and he gains nothing by practising self-deception and invoking as external an omniscient authority he himself invented. He is all for tweezers as opposed to teeth, and this slight difference of opinion should not lead to ill feeling.

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MISS MILLER *vs.* MISS MAYO

BY PHILIP WHITWELL WILSON

EACH in her own way as determined as the other, two daughters of the West have completed a début in the East. Miss Mayo has published a book. Miss Miller has become a bride.

As bombshells, both the book and the bridal have broken all records. Miss Mayo, the woman who wrote, is as famous as Miss Miller, the woman who did. The one mentioned the unmentionable. The other perpetrated the unpardonable. Both the word and the act were brought under the ban of Indian opinion.

The situation is important. It is true that neither Miss Mayo nor Miss Miller has been the first woman of her country to stir the attention of India. There was Miss Leiter, of Chicago, who, as Lady Curzon, presided over the Vice-Regal Court. But Miss Leiter arrived in India, already British. Miss Mayo and Miss Miller disembarked with American passports. They cannot be dismissed, therefore, as mere individuals. It is on individuals that the limelight is concentrated and it is in persons that we see our problems. To scores of millions, Miss Mayo and Miss Miller suggest the first intimate and electric contact between Southern Asia and the United States. They are the pioneers.

When men discuss a country, it is usually in terms of secondary factors like armies, navies, politics and finance. If the sisterhood of the race is advanced far beyond the brotherhood, it is because women are concerned with essentials. Miss Mayo mothers India. Miss Miller is there married.

On both these ladies, there has been showered a cloudburst of criticism. If, however, the criticisms be compared, there arises the question whether they are not mutually destructive. A mixed marriage between an Eastern and a Western may be suitable or it may be unsuitable. If it is suitable, why blame Miss Miller? If it is unsuitable, surely Miss Mayo is to be praised for stating the reasons why.

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It is a dilemma that cannot be evaded. As princes, as students and as pundits, swamis and mahatmas, Indians and especially Indian men are entering Western society and meeting Western women. These guests, detached from their hereditary environment, reveal a charm of manner and claim a superiority of wisdom, which, associated with the appearance and, in this instance, the reality of wealth, are well calculated to mesmerize a girl whose sophistication exceeds her judgment. Hitherto experienced Anglo Indians, including an Anglo Indian novelist like Mrs. F. E. Penny, have set their faces against the mixed marriage. In view of a test case, so widely advertised as to be an example to others, is the traditional rule to be upheld or is it to be superseded? As chaperon, Miss Mayo says, No. As fiancée, Miss Miller says, Yes.

What inspired Miss Mayo was the courage of her convictions. She belongs to that masterful type which includes Lady Hester Stanhope, niece of Pitt, who settled in Palestine, and Miss Gertrude Bell, the uncrowned Queen of Mesopotamia. These were great ladies who ruled by right of aristocracy. It is to such a dynasty that Miss Mayo belongs.

Miss Miller has displayed courage, but it is the courage of emotion. The fascinations of Asia from which the wholesome instincts of Miss Mayo recoiled with disgust, appealed to Miss Miller as a romance of the unknown into which it was life itself to plunge. Her sisters in audacity dare death by airplane. Miss Miller's airplane was an alien altar. With such impulses, it is not easy to argue.

It is the eye that determines what it sees. What Miss Mayo discerned in India was the suffering of the people. What appealed to Miss Miller, and all that appealed to her, was the pleasure enjoyed and offered by a Prince. In her decisions, it is not easy to discover any save a selfish and, we are bound to add, a mercenary motive.

The land of Miss Miller's adoption is among the poorest in the world. A reason of that poverty, as Miss Mayo points out, is the fact that India holds the largest reserve of metals and jewels of all countries on this planet. Her bullion alone is worth five billion dollars, and, in the year 1924–5, she imported $328,000,000, or

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forty per cent. of the gold and thirty per cent. of the silver produced from all sources.

According to Mr. D. C. Bliss, of the United States Bureau of Commerce, India, if she developed banking, might be "one of the powerful nations of the world". Yet what happens to the treasure? It is invested, not in banks but in bangles. Admit that this habit is a survival of the days when a wife's ornaments were a guarantee against famine. The fact remains that the farmer is sustaining nearly two billions of mortgages at ruinous interest when he has dormant assets which would set him free.

In the hoarding of treasure, Indian princes are today the worst offenders. And against their display of useless wealth, there is arising a just resentment. It is this public property that is lavished on Miss Miller as a bride and accepted by her—money and jewels not produced by industry but derived by taxation of the people. It is stated that the quondam Maharajah has announced a settlement of $300,000 a year on his latest favorite. It is more than three times the salary of the Viceroy and it suggests a rapacity that has exceeded the worst excesses of the fabled Nabobs of old "John Company" or of the royal mistresses who ministered to Stuarts and Bourbons. If anything could aggravate the social injustice to India, it would be the prospect, as alleged, that these revenues may be disbursed, not in Indore where they are raised, but amid the gilded châteaux of France. Ireland would not tolerate absentee landlords. The absentee Prince and the absentee millionaire may discover in due course that they also are unpopular.

There is a type of young lady, now justly prominent, who is known as a gold-digger. She will seek and she will accept gifts in money and in kind from men, related to her and unrelated, and her view of marriage is that of the market. To be a gold-digger in a rich country like the United States may be good or it may be bad taste. But at least it is a game played by equals. But to dig for gold in the thin soil of the East, to take for luxuries what should be spent on hospitals and schools, this is surely the last word in the acquisitive art.

However, if one is to win the jewels and the rupees, one must not be too particular in one's feminine susceptibilities. There is

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no suggestion that the Maharajah whom Miss Miller met in the moonlight has been other than an utter Oriental. To Indian princes, every latitude is permitted, but so scandalous was the conduct of this potentate that the British Raj was forced by Indian opinion itself to depose him from the throne. Miss Miller could not have been unaware of this past. But, to her, it made no difference. Her prince was dispossessed of his power, but not of his purse.

Over plural marriage, it may not be easy for the West any longer to raise an eyebrow. In Russia and in other countries, it is today as simple as it is in India for a person who really desires it to become either a third husband or a third wife.

Still, the fact that an American girl of education and position should have freely accepted the status of plural wife in a polygamous court would have been unthinkable a few years ago in any State other than Utah. No British lady, so surrendering her racial and national prestige, could expect to be received afterward in Western society, except with the coldest of minimum formalities.

The injustice of the marriage would have been mitigated somewhat if the earlier wives of the Maharajah had been at liberty, like Western women under similar circumstances, to marry again. But even the widows—numbering 27,000,000 women, or almost as many as half the women in the United States—are denied this right; and grass-widows, though discarded, are not released.

Indeed, the Maharajah has here a particularly bad record. One of his dancers—a woman in whom he had lost interest—escaped. She was pursued by emissaries with knives. They murdered a merchant who had protected her. They slashed her across the face. They attacked British officers who tried to protect her. It is such wrongs to her sex that, despite her Christian training, Miss Miller has condoned. Indian wives are submissive but, in this case, even they have made known their embittered hostility to the intruder.

In such romances—and they rarely interest the West—there is a habit of inflicting on the later wife a subordinate form of marriage which implies that she is to occupy a humble station in the

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home. Miss Miller was accompanied, however, by a vigilant grandmother. She insisted on the highest and most binding of religious rites and, in the end, she had her way.

But the price that she had to pay for an adequate marriage was the surrender of her faith, both religious and civic. As a baptized Christian and as a born American, she had to confess that she was an outcast and an untouchable who had need to apply for and submit to wearisome, humiliating and elaborate cleansings. It was not merely that she changed her allegiances. She allowed her allegiances to be publicly insulted in her person, and from the insult the experts in Indian etiquette spared no emphasis. The girl from Seattle was kept for weeks standing barefoot amid the snows of Canossa, and she consented to the chilly and disgraceful ordeal.

As the Maharani Sharmishta, Nancy Miller now enjoys a high caste. But what does this mean? Educated under a Declaration of Independence which asserts the equal status of all, she has accepted a gospel of inequality which is repudiated even by Islam. The Untouchables, numbering seventy million, whose cause is pleaded by Miss Mayo, are left to their fate by Miss Miller. For a moment, she planted her foot on their necks, but only in order to spring therefrom to the ladder of royal, religious and economic privilege.

Miss Miller, deserting Christianity, is now not only a Hindu but an Orthodox Hindu. In so far as her conversion has stirred enthusiasm, it is among the superstitious and the ignorant to whom the orthodoxy of Hinduism appeals. Thousands, we read, are flocking to the faith and there are to be subscriptions for the conversion of Europe. The theory that Miss Miller is a prophetess of the higher life of India need not be taken, however, too seriously. The position was one in which a religion, not devoid of the sordid instinct, was able to name its figure.

The orthodox Hinduism which Miss Miller accepts is the orthodox Hinduism which Miss Mayo exposes. It is this orthodoxy, with its defiance of hygiene, which is mainly responsible for a deathrate in India that is double the deathrate—at least double—of the United States. It is this orthodoxy which, by forbidding the slaughter of animals, imposes on the Indian poor

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the burden of tens of millions of unproductive cattle and live-stock, including the black rat. It is this orthodoxy which has developed the scandals of child marriage and of perpetual widow-hood, which has fastened illiteracy on women, which has denied them Western medicine, which has made it six times as dangerous to be a mother in India as it is in England, and three times as dangerous to be an infant. For the sake of her palace, with its guards and its servants and its jewels, the Maharani Shar-mishta has endorsed those cruelties of conservatism in the East which Miss Mayo has had the courage to condemn.

That no missionary would endorse the marriage of Miss Miller, goes without saying. But there are many missionaries who, while deploring the marriage, also condemn Miss Mayo. They believe in Christianity, they practise it, but is there not good and evil in every faith? Let the aim be to help the Hindu to be a better Hindu and the Moslem to be a better Moslem.

It is very generous. It is also utterly unreal. Did the Hindus say to Miss Miller that they would turn her into a better Chris-tian? Not a bit of it. They knew that here is an issue on which there can be no compromise, and their terms were unconditional surrender. The case of Miss Miller demonstrates that a Chris-tianity which hesitates to convert others, will be itself converted. If this girl, who has vanished behind a veil of occult indulgence, had gone to India to teach the people, to serve them, to help them, she would not be luxuriating today at the expense of the peasantry, and trying to salve her conscience by building Hindu shrines in Paris.

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WHITHER IS THE COLLEGE HEADED?

BY G. H. ESTABROOKS

FIVE hundred years ago the university was an institution of learning, and nothing more. The student body consisted of a few hundred individuals whose ultimate aim was some branch of the priesthood and a few score eccentrics who just wanted learning for its own sake. The real élite of the country—the gentry—could neither read nor write and were proud of it. The great mass of the common people regarded learning with that attitude of respectful contempt taken by our football stars toward Phi Beta Kappa students in general.

But times have changed. Today the college is still an institution of learning, but to the public mind this is a mere incidental. The average citizen cares nothing about the scholastic standards of Harvard, Chicago or Leland Stanford. But he does know that Yale had the best football team in the country last year, that Notre Dame was beaten decisively by Army, and that Southern California was top dog on the Pacific Coast. He will also follow college basketball, hockey and baseball with greedy eyes.

There is something more which the average citizen is slowly realizing. He goes to the movies and sees some such film as *The College Widow* or *Tom Brown at Harvard,* and he begins to think. College means to him something very different from what it did twenty years ago. He sees the glamor of the social and athletic life portrayed on the screen. He sees the athlete and the social idol always crashing through in the rôle of hero. There are a color and a glow to it which are infectious. Studies? Oh, yes, to be sure he thinks of them, but they must be very much in the background. They are of minor importance, and he never gives them a second thought.

Then comes that line of reasoning which is as certainly going to change our colleges as the Sophists changed ancient Greece. He wants these advantages for his children. Not only that, but he

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intends to have them. He is feeling this want very vaguely as yet; but give him time! He'll learn and learn quickly. His money is supporting most of these institutions. He is living in a democracy. There are plenty of astute politicians who will voice this want for him if it means votes—and it does. He will soon demand, indeed has already demanded in some States, the right of his son to attend these enchanted fairylands we call colleges, and to do this almost regardless of intellectual background. The State college is rapidly being forced into paying serious heed to this movement, and herein is to be found a situation pregnant with danger and rich with the most wonderful opportunity which has yet crossed the path of any group of educational institutions.

Let us realize that there is danger, real, live and immediate. When John Citizen thinks on big issues, he often merely reflects the words of some very astute but possibly very ignorant politician. If this demand of the citizens is met by an uncompromising attitude on the part of our colleges, then the colleges will change and the change will be forced upon them. Under these conditions they will admit whom they are told to admit; and we must hope the good Archangel Gabriel will protect the scholastic standards, for certainly no mere earthly power will be sufficient.

But there are more ways than one in which to kill the proverbial cat. We can, if we choose, admit virtually whom we must, and yet keep our scholastic bars up; though a very diplomatic technique must be applied. And how? Paradoxical as it may seem, we will turn to Oxford for an object lesson in how to handle a difficult college situation in a democracy. Oxford has solved this problem in beautiful fashion; though it is an aristocratic institution and caters to the aristocracy of England. Nevertheless a problem to all intents and purposes similar to our own has been met and solved at this institution. It is, perhaps, owing to the Englishman's temperament.

The American believes in the principle of "All-or-None"; absolute rigidity in morals, in athletics and in matters intellectual. Our football stars are high grade professionals, our moral leaders uncompromising bigots,—this is just a little harsh, but we must carry out our analogy,—and our intellectual leaders are pure

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intellect without a spark of æsthetic background. Once again we are rather harsh, but we insist on being logical.

The Englishman is the exact opposite. By his very nature he takes all things in moderation. Compromise is his watchword, and by the use of this magic talisman he has solved the intellectual problem at Oxford. To this institution come the sons of England's aristocracy, with a few others who are of little importance. And many of these scions of nobility are frankly non-intellectual. They come to Oxford for the social life, for the athletic recreation, for the friends and contacts they will there obtain, for the glamor and splendor of college life in which Oxford excels. Their interest in things intellectual is *nil*. They are quite frank on that point.

And, strange to say, Oxford, the greatest of the English universities, the one institution which every American educator mentions when he wishes to personify the last word in a liberal arts college, this Oxford of such wondrous reputation receives them with open arms. For the Englishman, most unscientific of all modern educators, has arrived at certain conclusions by the use of common sense which we in America are writing libraries to prove. He realizes that many students who come to the university for admission either cannot or will not work. At the same time he has a very definite sense of duty for all his cynicism on certain New World reforms. These men are coming to Oxford for what they can get, and they are from that aristocratic class which Oxford serves. The Englishman solves the problem by letting them come, take what they can get, and depart not only in peace but with the Oxford A.B. attached to their names.

Do the standards of the institution suffer? Not in the least! The authorities have a very neat little device for insuring that those standards remain where they are, which is probably quite as high as those existing at Harvard or Yale.

The Oxford A.B. is divided into the honor and the pass degrees. About one-fifth of the students at Oxford and Cambridge are out for "pass" degrees. The standards required for this type of A.B. are probably considerably lower than those demanded at any of our good small American institutions, and any student who fails to obtain a "pass" is hopeless so far as college work is concerned. But even in his case, owing to the fact that all his real examina-

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tions come at the end of his three years' work and that there is no very serious check-up before that time, he may still remain at Oxford for three years even if he cannot make that very easy pass degree. The authorities are far more lenient on the subject of allowing poor students to remain in college than are we of America.

Those students who feel like really making an effort will try for an "honor" degree, and these are divided into firsts, seconds, thirds and fourths, dependent on the grades obtained in the final examinations. A "fourth" is probably about the equivalent of a low "C" at an American institution. I know the impression at Oxford is that a really normal human being can obtain one without any very serious effort. But the "first" or "distinction" enjoys no such reputation. In fact the general opinion is that you must be not only "all there" but somewhat of an intellectual wizard to obtain one. The real standards of Oxford are to be judged by the standards required for "firsts" and "seconds", and let no student think that he has an easy task at this point. His awakening will be a sad one.

But you will see clearly that by this simple device the Englishman can afford to be very lenient in the matter of college standards and yet keep his real standards at a very high level. By this means about one-fourth to one-fifth of the students at Oxford can obtain all the social advantages of that great institution and never really worry about such things as grades.

Not only that, but the Oxford authorities find that the presence of these men in the institution in no way handicaps the better students. The Don's attitude is different from that of the average American instructor. He is in no way concerned with getting his subject across and raising the great bulk of his class up to some mythical standard. He lectures or tutors, as the case may be, and awaits the final examinations. These will separate the sheep from the goats most effectively. And yet I have no right to use such terminology. There are no such things as sheep and goats to the Oxford Don. A certain proportion of his class are frankly in the institution for the social life. They hope for a "pass" degree, but really are not terribly worried whether they get it or not. The Don recognizes this, and also refuses to worry. They may know absolutely nothing about his subject, but he evaluates them

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just as much on their qualities as gentlemen as on their abilities as students. Merely another case of the Englishman's love for moderation in all things. The college can give certain things which this type of student wants. He has no desire whatever for certain other things. Then why, in the name of heaven, try to force them down his throat?

And as Oxford serves an aristocracy, so must our colleges sooner or later serve a democracy. For the college is no longer merely an institute of academic training; it is now becoming an educational force in the very highest sense of the word. Here we have true manhood personified as harmonious development along mental, moral and physical lines. To be sure, the erudite professor will scoff at the intellectual training of most college men, the religious bigot will point to the wild "house parties" and whisper about the terrible curse of drunkenness in our universities, while the professional athlete will find little consolation in the physiques of many college men.

But for all that our universities and colleges represent something very fine. Scare rumors are one thing, facts are another. I know the student life at Oxford, Harvard and my present institution. There are low standards at all three; scrawny physiques can everywhere be found, and isolated cases of vice always refresh the zealous critic. At heart the institutions are sound, mentally, morally and physically.

It is an excellent sign of the times that the public is becoming vitally interested in these institutions and is determined to obtain for itself those ideals for which the college stands. To be sure, this demand may cause a popularization of the college and flood it with many ill prepared students. But that is a mere side issue. Oxford has met the difficulty; so can we. The great thing is that the college can in this manner pass on to the great bulk of our citizens those ideals of manhood which are slowly taking shape within its walls.

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A CHINESE IDYLL IN THE MAKING

BY CHIANG CHAO-LIN

A POPULAR Chinese couplet of unknown origin says, "If China is to be Germany, Hunan must be her Prussia." It is hard to conceive of China as a second Germany; it is harder still to conceive of Hunan as playing the rôle of Prussia. The sentiment which gave rise to the couplet was undoubtedly the vague general longing for national unity and international respect which it was hoped would come with unity. The pardonable pride of a provincial assigned the glory of leadership to Hunan. Yet this pride is not entirely without foundation. The people of the province of Hunan, like all mountain peoples, are doggedly persistent, proud, of good fighting instincts and powers, and conservative. The central province of Hunan has had none of the court associations of the northern provinces; neither has it enjoyed the splendors—material, artistic, and intellectual—of the coast provinces; but it has solidity and self-confidence.

In one of the most isolated hill districts of Hunan, a lad of five was one day touched in his imagination by one of the distant ramifications of the Boxer uprising. In the hot and dry summer of 1900, a local fanatical patriot raised the loyalist standard to exterminate foreigners and things foreign. He collected around him about one hundred followers, but was arrested and executed by Government troops only fifteen *li* from the lad's home. The soldiers carried the corpse past the home, which, being by the road-side, served tea gratis to all travelers, as such homes in China with a tradition for charity do. At the sight of the soldiers, most of the folks fled to the innermost apartments of the house, but the lad and his father went out to satisfy their curiosity. The head of the "martyr" was large, his face bright as with indignation. The lad's sympathies were entirely with the hero, as he had been told that his country was being ruined by the devilish powers of the foreigners, such as the mysterious power of

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extracting children's eyes by merely touching their heads, and making of them elixirs. How deadly were these foreigners! But the lad was curious: he touched the heads of his playmates this way and that way, but was never able to discover the mysterious power of the foreign devil.

Of the lad's early experiences with his parents, the man—or the boy, according to the American scale of evaluation—remembers only a few. Of his mother who died when he was nine, he remembers, for one thing, the everlasting drug-pot which was always brewing on the brick oven, and the country doctor with his white horse that kicked ferociously when the boys tried to pull his tail. He also remembers the stiff gingham shirts which she put on him on the first and fifteenth of every month. His father he knows to have been stern and taciturn, but he recalls with pleasure the rock candy, the *lee-chi* nuts, and the preserved persimmons which the father brought home when he returned from his business in a city on the Yangtze.

At six, the lad was put in a little school held in one of the larger halls of the family residence. Equipped with a writing brush, some paper, a stick of ink, a grinding stone, and a copy of the *Three Character Canon*, he was led to the school by his uncle. The teacher lit some incense before a tablet of Confucius; the uncle laid a row of cash wrapped in red paper on the table; the three then kowtowed, the lad imitating his elders, putting as much reverence on his face as he could. Here, in the company of his brothers and cousins of various degrees, the lad shouted his lessons and practised calligraphy. He did so well that his uncle, who was the real superintendent of his education, decided to send him next year to a boarding school three miles from home, where under a better teacher and in the company of maturer boys he would, it was thought, make quicker progress.

In the next three years, the lad labored to master the classics and to learn to be literary. He began his day with the sun and continued under a wood-oil lamp after the sun had set. In the morning he memorized assignments in the classics; in the afternoon, he reviewed; in the evening, he recited poetry and essays. Every fifth day, he wrote essays. Yes, essays, with a beginning, a body, and a conclusion, modeled after masterpieces. At first,

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the lad had to take sentences of Confucius for subjects; later, a figure in history or some modern problem was given out for treatment. Modern problems were the lad's favorite, not the teacher's: the latter thought them a necessary concession to boyish whimsies, not likely to train a mind; the former felt the burden of country, would fain solve all the problems of defense, industry, and government. Games, what are they? A school is the place to study, not to play. No Chinese lad in those days knew what a ball was. There were no inter-class, no inter-scholastic contests of any kind. Holidays were few. Of vacation, there were two periods, one month at New Year and two months in the summer.

Even in China, in old dignified China, boys had to have escapades. The lad had a few of them, not of an adventurous nature, but mischievous enough, so he was told. One day, when three visitors were engaging the attention of the teacher, the lad played a game of chess with a mate in the next room. Unluckily, the teacher passed by the window and stooped to peep through the little hole left there by the lad in order to watch the doings in the bamboo grove behind. As soon as the shadow of the teacher appeared on the opaque paper-covered window, the boys threw the chessboard on the floor, but the teacher saw the guns, the chariots, the soldiers, the kings and generals on the table. When the visitors had left, the two boys were summoned to the teacher's room. His Majesty's simple question was: "Which do you prefer, a thrashing or kneeling on the floor for the afternoon?" "What for?" demanded our lad. "For playing." "What did we play?" "Chess." "No, we did not play chess." "I saw the things on the table." "You saw no board; surely we cannot play chess without a chessboard." "No argument! Make your choice!" Our lad thought it over: thrashing, though grievous, could not last a whole afternoon, and he chose thrashing. The teacher went into the bamboo grove and gathered a goodly-sized bunch. The lads were thrashed till no leaf was left on the bamboo branches.

Another happy and evil day when the teacher left the school to see his wife and children, the boys went to a farm near by and stole a chicken. Before they had had time to kill their prey,

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the farmer appeared. One of the older boys commanded quiet and engaged the farmer in conversation; a second got some hot water, and put the chicken underneath the wooden bathtub; a third then took the farmer through the rooms of the school and sympathetically helped him to locate the chicken. Every room was thoroughly examined. "Now," said the boy-guide, "there are only the bathroom and the kitchen which you have not seen. Please follow me." They went to the kitchen; there was no trace of the fowl there. They went to the bathroom; the farmer, perceiving that a boy was in the process of bathing himself, apologized profusely for having violated propriety and withdrew.

In summer, the lad helped his folks in supervising the harvest. Most of the family land was let out to peasants who worked it and divided the crop equally with the owners. The lad was usually sent out to watch the gathering of rice. When the sun had set and the workers had put the rice in large bamboo baskets, he was asked to choose his share. He thought he always did that with good wit. But sometimes when the peasant had invited him to a chicken dinner at noon, he had to let him have the little extra rice left in the thrashing-box, which, he was assured, was not much and could not possibly be piled on the baskets. In winter, he spent his vacation in preparations for the New Year and in enjoying them when they came to be enjoyed. His chief delight was, however, to go to his uncle's quarters and sit by the fire with his girl cousins. The uncle would tell him in a quiet dignified voice about the troubles of the nation and the reforms that the Emperor was making. Once in a long while the conversation would strike a jocular vein. Or, the uncle would describe the new schools he had seen in Changsha, the capital of the province, telling of the big foreign-styled schoolhouses with glass windows, of the hundreds of schoolboys clad in foreign clothes and foreign straw hats, marching in the city to band music with flags flying. It was his opinion that these new schools were the hope of salvation for China, for they taught Western science and gave the boys Western physical exercises. "Perhaps," he would end by saying, "the Emperor will abolish the examinations. Then you will have to go to one of the new schools in Changsha."

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The lad thought and dreamed about the new schools. How wonderful it would be to wear foreign dress and to learn all the secrets of the devilish powers of the foreigners! If he had to go to one of them eventually, why, the sooner the better. But the uncle declared solemnly, "No, you cannot go this year. The Emperor may or may not abolish the examinations. Furthermore, the new schools are not good in Chinese literature. We are Chinese; our root study is Chinese literature. If you do well this year with the classics and essay-writing, I will take you to Ming-teh School next year."

Both lived up to the bargain; the boy was sent to Changsha next year. The novelties of the new school absorbed him for months. Marching to breakfast, dinner, and supper, to classes, and to bed was fascinating; wearing a cap with a visor, a uniform, saluting teachers in school and out, gave him a sense of self-importance; studying flowers and buds, the whats and hows and whys of air and water, drawing, singing, going over the geography of the world with stories about the Western countries, playing games including football—all this was simply rollicking. Saturday afternoons and Sundays, he was out in the city with his new friends, visiting the Heart-of-the-Sky pagoda, exploring the windings of the city wall, or getting a peep at the Governor's *Yamen*.

Gradually, interest in the new school died out and suspicion of its inefficiency grew. To be sure, quite a few of the teachers had been to Japan, but many had not. Besides, Japan is not the real source of Western knowledge. The boy thought he was expected to learn Western knowledge in order to help China resist foreign aggression; but why was he not taught English, the key to Western knowledge? Foreign physical exercises and foreign clothes did not enable him to make a gun or a steam engine; they must be trappings, not the real stuff. When his uncle asked him about the new school, his laconic answer was, "A name without substance." The boy could not claim originality for this criticism, for it was in the air: young and old, radicals and conservatives, were alike applying the same criticism to all that pertained to the new régime in the country for exactly opposite reasons. "When we stand on one hill, we think the other hill

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is higher. That is an illusion." This was the uncle's diagnosis. To this the boy, though he made no answer, made certain definite reservations. He thought he knew what he was talking about; he was not to be silenced. Time and time again, the uncle asked the same question and the boy made the same answer. "What do you want to do?" finally asked the troubled uncle. "I want to go to Europe or America." "No, you are too young to go. How would you like to go to a foreign school in China and study under foreign teachers?" "Well, that is one step nearer the source." The transfer was then made.

Here, for five years, the boy worked on "the key to Western knowledge". Even before he went to the missionary school, he had learned the English alphabet. "A" was most expressive to him, for it resembled a coolie carrying lumber on his shoulders; "O" was the easiest, being a simple circle; "R" was the hardest to pronounce, for it required the difficult operation of turning the tongue up; "Q" sounded queerest. The first word to enter his ken was "book", which he repeated as being b-o-o-k. He could not quite understand why he should not say "I am, he am, we am," etc.; nor could he comprehend the "s" in "he sits". Those things he attributed to the perversity of foreigners. He kept a note-book in which he wrote every new word he learned with its Chinese equivalent. He practised English penmanship as assiduously as he had Chinese, conceiving both as fine arts. At the end of the fifth year, he was possessed with a desire to know exactly how much English he knew. He took an English-Chinese dictionary, covered the column of Chinese characters, and then numbered every word he knew as he ran down page after page. When the process was over, he found he had learned 1,738 words.

One large feature of the boy's school life was the student strike. Juvenile orators magnified petty complaints against the missionary Principal into great national issues. One boy was caught smoking by the Principal, who used his cane on the spot. The orators immediately called a mass meeting at which two indictments were brought against the Principal: one, that he, a foreigner, by striking a Chinese, had insulted the national honor; two, the school code not providing corporal punishment, the

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Principal's action smacked of that of an autocrat, not to be tolerated in this age of freedom. A strike must be called to compel the Principal to make a public apology.

One lesson the boy learned thoroughly from his American teachers, namely, the superiority of America over the European countries. His ambition narrowed down to going to America to study. He sent to his uncle an incessant current of information and emotion. Was he not prepared to go beyond the ocean after he had studied English for one year? And was not a boy of twelve able to take care of himself? Surely two years of preparation would be enough for anything. "Uncle, you cannot expect me to stay here forever. I have been here already three years." "After four years of patient study here, I think justice demands that I be sent abroad."

In the summer of 1911, the family business collapsed. In the fall, the Revolution came. All schools were closed. The boy wanted to join the Revolutionary army, but everybody laughed at the idea of a boy-soldier. He recalled the history he had learned: Did not the American Revolution last eight years, and was not the French Revolution prolonged over decades? The thought of staying idle while the Chinese Revolution worked itself out was appalling. He resolved he would go to America to study for eight years and then go home to help reconstruct the Revolution-swept country. He went to his folks with the decision. The answer was, he was too young and they were too poor. "I will go with my missionary teacher, who is returning to America. If you will give me three hundred dollars now, I will not ask one cent more of you in all the years." After days of agitation, he won.

While he was waiting in Shanghai for his passport and his new real foreign clothes, he found a friend, who admired the boy enormously and accompanied him to all meals, for which, however, the boy felt he must pay. When the time came for departure, the missionary had changed his mind; he would not return till two years later, as the Revolution was already over; and the boy's purse was sadly depleted. In this plight, he sought the advice of a missionary doctor. "Are you afraid to go alone?" asked the doctor. "No, I am almost sixteen."

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"Have you enough money?" "I have thirty good American dollars." There was a long silence; the doctor thought about the thirty dollars; the boy thought about the humiliation he would face in the school if he returned after he had got as far as Shanghai. Both came to an instant decision: The boy decided to go; the doctor decided to lend him one hundred dollars, if the boy was willing to work after he reached America. On a bright January day, the boy boarded an ocean steamer, accompanied by his good friend the dinner-mate, and a Chinese evangelist who presented to him a copy of the lives of the Martyrs of 1900.

The first gentleman in America to greet him was the immigration officer, a portly, elderly man in blue uniform and heavy spectacles. He understood the English of the officer as well or as poorly as the Chinese of the Cantonese interpreter. The boy constructed a long sentence in his mind and then delivered it: "If you will speak English very, very slowly, I will understand." He thought he had made his subject agree with the predicate and the tenses correct. When the examination was over, he waited for the coolies to come to the steerage to carry his baggage. Everybody had left and still there was no coolie. Then carrying his suitcase with one hand and a bundle with another, he walked out and crossed the plank. "At last, I am in America. This is firm land." And he stamped on the ground several times to see if it was really firm.

The warehouse on the wharf was almost empty. The sky was blue; a gentle breeze was blowing on the California coast. The boy surveyed his surroundings to find out which direction he should go. The passers-by seemed all too busy to answer the many questions he liked to ask. In a moment, one of his own countrymen strolled along leisurely, in true Chinese fashion. To his great disappointment, the man did not understand the boy's English and the boy did not understand the man's Chinese. They resorted to hands and head. Then the man carried the suitcase and led the boy through the streets of San Francisco to a part which looked very much like China. There, they went into a church whose pastor in turn took the boy to the American Y. M. C. A. A bright-looking secretary, who seemed to understand every need of the boy, expressed or unexpressed, took

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charge of him. In the evening, the boy was taken to a hotel where after writing his name in a book he was led into a steel cage which immediately started to go up. Next morning, he did not know whether to entrust himself again to that steel cage; to play safe, he walked down. "I have never had to walk so many flights of stairs," he told the clerk as he passed out.

In a week, he found himself in a school in the great Middle West, where the students worked half a day and studied the other half. His first job was shoveling coal from a freight car into a wagon. In all his previous existence in China, he had never done a bit of manual labor. In the cold of a February afternoon, he found that if he did not work continuously his teeth would chatter, and if he did his hands would hurt and his back ache. But he earned the right to study, beside blisters on the hands. His first book was Scott's *Ivanhoe*, out of which, with the aid of his English-Chinese dictionary, he got a dim idea of the woods and castles, knights and yeomen of mediæval England.

From the preparatory school, he went to college, and from college to the graduate school. He has almost finished his pilgrimage. He thinks he has learned Yankee grit and some of the Western knowledge that confers devilish powers. He has not forgotten China, but he is afraid that the task of governing it is greater than he and his two friends in Changsha could handle alone. But this is frankly only an idyll in the making. What the sequel will be, only the next half century of Chinese history can tell.

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CHICAGO'S FIELD MUSEUM

BY D. C. DAVIES

THE Field Museum of Natural History was founded in 1893, its establishment being made possible by the late Marshall Field, who gave $1,000,000 for the purpose. A further sum of $8,000,000 was bequeathed to the institution by Mr. Field when he died in January, 1906. Of this amount, $4,000,000 was allotted for the erection of the present building, and $4,000,000 for endowment.

The Museum originally occupied the Fine Arts Building in Jackson Park, the most beautiful of the buildings which had housed the Chicago World's Columbian Exposition. Since 1920 the Museum has been in its own new building, in Grant Park. Three main objectives were kept to the fore in planning and designing this building: First, to provide perfect exhibition rooms for the display of scientific collections; second, to furnish adequate quarters and equipment for the scientific and working staffs needed for such collections; and third, to erect a building which would attain the high standard of Greek architecture, and hold a worthy place among the monumental structures of Chicago.

The building is of white Georgia marble, classic in design and massive in proportion. The main architectural motifs were inspired by the Erechtheum, generally recognized as the most refined example of the Ionic order. The museum building modelled on this classic structure is 700 feet long, 350 feet wide and 90 feet high, and covers an area of about eleven acres. The north and south façades are divided into a large pedimented central pavilion and two long wings, the latter having each a complete series of Ionic columns running throughout its length, and terminated by a smaller pavilion at the end. This order rests upon a basement story and is crowned by an attic, pierced with windows.

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An attractive feature of the exterior is the terrace, sixty feet wide, extending all the way around the building, and rising six feet above the ground. This terrace has a retaining wall, steps and balustrade of the same marble as the building proper. The main entrance is provided with an ample flight of steps leading to the central doorway, and is emphasized by decorative flagstaffs on the terrace to the east and west.

The interior of the museum building consists, in its general arrangement, of a great central hall or nave, flanked by transverse exhibition halls on both sides; these exhibition halls being again united by halls running parallel to the nave at either end of the building. The rest of the structure is divided into floors, all of which are devoted to exhibition purposes, except the third floor and clerestories which are used for offices and laboratories of the scientific staff.

The central hall, which is dedicated to Stanley Field, president of the Museum, contains four fine statues designed by Henry Hering. These figures symbolize the purposes of the Museum, and blend with the architectural treatment of the hall. The figures represent symbolically "Natural Science", "Dissemination of Knowledge", "Research" and "Record".

The Museum contains a theatre seating more than 1,000 persons, built with funds provided by James Simpson, and named in his honor, and a smaller lecture hall, both of which are used for illustrated science and travel lectures, moving pictures for children, and other such public purposes.

Exhibits in the Museum have been gathered by collectors, specialists in their respective departments of the natural sciences, who have been dispatched to many parts of the world for the purpose of accumulating material. So closely have they adhered to the best practice that today the Museum is noted for exactness and purity of method, and the material exhibited is becoming more and more appreciated for its attractiveness, coördination, high educational value and economic usefulness.

Exhibits are grouped into four departments, Anthropology, Botany, Geology and Zoölogy. The collections in each are arranged systematically under their respective divisions, descriptive labels being attached to all exhibits. Stanley Field

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Hall is an exception to the arrangement described. In this hall, which occupies the nave of the building, and into which the main entrance opens, representative collections from each of the departments are shown, to give a general glimpse of the activities of the Institution as a whole.

In the Department of Anthropology are life-size groups of Eskimos, Indians of various tribes, and other primitive peoples, surrounded by the weapons, implements, utensils, art products and other objects representative of their lives and cultures; Etruscan, Greek and Roman antiquities; a complete Maori council house from Polynesia; gorgeous silken dresses, grotesque masks and other objects from the interior of forbidden Tibet; and collections representing the ancient cultures of Mexico, Peru, South Pacific Islands, Japan, China, and Africa. These are but a few of the exhibits indicating the scope of this department devoted to the fascinating "Science of Man". There are more than 160,000 objects illustrating the achievements in arts and industries, and the social and religious life of the peoples of the world outside of modern Europe and America, in both historic and prehistoric times.

A comprehensive idea of the Plant Kingdom and its relation to human life may be obtained in the Department of Botany. Particular emphasis is laid on economic uses of plant materials in the exhibits, thus making them of interest to students of economics and business men. There is a display of characteristic plant forms from the lowest bacteria, represented as seen with a microscope, to the higher forms of plants. Of striking interest is a collection of wheat specimens, including wheat that grew in Egypt and Mesopotamia 5,500 years ago, believed to be the oldest grains in existence. Rare beauty is to be seen in exotic trees, plants, and flowers brought from remote parts of the world. The various woods of America and foreign countries are illustrated by a series of specimens and explanatory monographs, pictures and maps. Rare and curious plants and flowers are shown; and there are exhibits affording economic studies of such important products as grains, sugars, coffee, tea, spices and so forth.

The development of life on the earth from the time of the

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simplest invertebrates, many millions of years ago, down to that of the highest forms in recent times, is illustrated in the historical, or paleontological, section of the Department of Geology. Complete or partial skeletons of prehistoric creatures of terrifying aspect, such as dinosaurs, mammoths, mastodons, and sabre-toothed tigers are found here. Another feature is the collection of meteorites, which is the largest in the world, and includes one huge specimen weighing 3,275 pounds. A model of the moon, so far as known the largest and most elaborate ever made, is another object of interest. Comprehensive series of mineral exhibits, containing more than 20,000 specimens, illustrate the scientific, economic and industrial relations of these products. The economic collections include models of mines, metal treatment plants, brick and cement plants, and an early oil refinery, and specimens illustrating the most important mineral substances and their great varieties of derivatives.

The Department of Zoölogy is noted not only for its large collections of animals, including many very rare specimens, but also for its beautiful landscaped habitat groups, in which animals, birds, and marine life are shown in settings accurately depicting their natural environments. By the use of advanced ideas in taxidermy, and in museum art and lighting, these exhibits are distinguished for their pictorial and artistic worth as well as their scientific value. The principal masterpieces of the famous explorer, taxidermist and sculptor, the late Carl E. Akeley, are found here. The department includes a classified series of animals in which each important one can be found in its proper place, facilitating study; and preparations of animals or parts of animals to illustrate facts, ideas and theories about them in their relation to each other and to man. Nearly all known species of American birds, and the principal types of foreign birds, are on exhibition. There are also large collections of fishes, reptiles, amphibians, and skeletons of vertebrates.

The Field Museum has a broad educational programme. In addition to the educational and cultural work accomplished by the exhibits, large study collections are maintained, which are available to students and others interested in special branches of science. The museum has a library containing approximately

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90,000 scientific books, which is open to the public, as well as for reference by the Museum staff.

An elaborate organization is maintained to coördinate museum and school studies, both by work in the museum and through extramural activities. The N. W. Harris Public School Extension of the Museum circulates 1,000 travelling exhibits among all the public schools of Chicago, and to many other institutions. The James Nelson and Anna Louise Raymond Public School and Children's Lecture Division of the Museum sends lecturers with slides and films out to the schools to address classrooms and assemblies, and provides several series of educational moving pictures for children, given each year in the James Simpson Theatre of the Museum.

Several courses of illustrated science and travel lectures for adults are also given at the Museum each year. The Museum staff produces many important scientific reports, treatises and other publications each year, which are printed by the Museum press, and given wide circulation throughout the world.

Each year the Museum has expeditions at work in many far corners of the world, seeking old and new treasures for all the departments of the institution. The extent of these activities may be grasped by noting that in 1926 the Museum had sixteen expeditions operating, and in 1927 there were fourteen. Several are now at work, and others are in contemplation for later in 1928. Expeditions in the last two years, to mention only a few, have ranged from Labrador and Baffin Land to Madagascar, from Alaska to Abyssinia, and from Mesopotamia to South America.

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THESE THINGS SHALL STAY

BY HAL SAUNDERS WHITE

Some things there are which change not—
As green leaves in Spring
And running water;
The beach in waiting silence fraught
With songs the salt winds bring
With strange sea laughter murmuring
Till they have taught her
Their shifting songs to sing;

At drowsy summer window ledges
Fingered winds that press and pass
And trample soft-foot through the hedges
Or poise a-tip-toe in the grass
Swaying along the pathway's edges;

The wet wind's breath on a gray beech bole;
The flash of sun on a swallow's wing;
The riot in a robin's soul
When love of earth has made him sing
At the middle moment of the dawn
Before day comes and the night is gone.

Song and love and wind and rain
Have been, are, will be again. . . .
Behind the wind's swift changes,
And the green leaf's growing,
A deathless spirit ranges
Beautiful past knowing
By day and by night. . . .
Roof-trees may fall
And granite moulder,
Old love take flight
And new love grow older.
These things shall stay,
None of these all
Shall pass away.

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PALPITATING WOODPULP

BY SAMUEL GRAFTON

GREATER far than the triumph of Ford in the automobile game, greater far than the triumph of Standard Oil in the lubricating business, greater far than the success of the motion picture, greater, I say, than all of these, is the triumph of literature in America. There are persons who can still remember the time when earnest dreamers declared that the solution of all ills lay in the education of the masses. Be that as it may, it is certain that the solution of one set of ills was accomplished with the education of the aforementioned multitudes—the ills which used to beset the purses of the authors, in days gone by. For the nation has learned to read, and those who read must have that which can be read, and those who write—well, they have seen their duty and have done it nobly.

I

There has always existed the thing called popular fiction. It was known to us in an aggravated form as long ago as the time of the lamented Mrs. Aphra Behn, and even as far behind that estimable scrivener as the most careful of researchers would care to research. But it never, perhaps because of the mercy of Providence, has been so acutely present as it is now. It used to hide itself, to assume the outward appearance of modesty and shyness, and there surrounded it a general aura of unworthiness. People read it, of course, but they never gloated over the fact.

Now all that is changed. Popular fiction, being popular, must be good, by the fine rule which makes democracies out of mobs; and he who denies that it is good is branding himself as somewhat more than merely peculiar. But it is not only upon this peculiar bit of reasoning *a priori* that its goodness depends. Popular fiction, in this day and age, is good because it is well written, because it stirs the emotions it starts out to stir, because it fits the

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need it is designed to fit as smoothly as a good silk stocking fits a shapely shank, and because, lastly, it makes people sit up and beg for more.

I am not concerned with that hybrid kind of popular fiction which wavers between art and amusement, the sort turned out by novelists who usually are referred to as the Dean of American this-and-that, the kind of stuff which can be read in public by the most hardened of expressionists without serious damage to his reputation. Material of that nature is neither fish nor fowl nor good red herring, though it manages to combine the characteristics of all these things very ingeniously. I am absorbed in the contemplation of an art which is just what it is and no more, an art which suffers from nothing so little as it suffers from the attempt at concealment. I am speaking, in short, of the literature which frankly exploits the interests which the psychologists have shown to exist beneath the smooth dome of the Average 'Omo, an art which aims to please rather than instruct, and to stupefy rather than enlighten.

What is the Average 'Omo interested in? Primarily, money. All right; but he spends all day in attending to that particular interest, and so we must determine what comes next. The answer is not singular but plural, and the items rush out upon each other's heels. We may catalogue them conveniently, thus: (a) adventure, (b) love, (c) filth and (d) truth. Not every member of the species Average 'Omo (if you have not guessed it by this time, the apostrophe stands for H) is interested in the same assortment of the points so listed. The finest members are, but of that, more anon. Some care only for adventure, with its various subheadings, war, the West, mystery, and so on. Others are born with a predilection for the gentler passion, so to speak, and still others care for nothing so much as for filth. Those who avow a love for truth might be supposed, on purely speculative grounds, to be the least in numbers. That is by no means the case, for figures show that their number is many-legioned, and that they are the most faithful supporters of those who bring to them the brand of truth which they find best suited to their liking.

Being certain of the things the average man wanted, the scribblers of the day have given them to him, and, if we were

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facetiously inclined, we might add, and how! They have supplied him with adventure and love and truth and filth. They have brought him the mystic glamor of the cruel East, the deep-dyed villainies of the sophisticated West, the true stories of the greatest of sinners, the passions of the most enthusiastic of lovers, and the experiences of the most. . . . But the only category remaining is filth, and so we apply the soft pedal.

They have printed the verbal responses to these innermost desires, and they purvey them daily upon the public streets, made glorious with color and expert lithography. The seekers after adventure need no longer, now, gird themselves with trusty swords and hie them to distant shores in search of the bright eyes of danger. Those who would pay homage to Venus need not encumber themselves with perfumes and ointments and wend them to the habitat of the lovely. The many who seek the glorious light of truth may safely refrain from casting themselves apart from mankind in chilly hermitages and unheated tubs. And those who would smack the sensuous lip in vicarious vice may do so in their own homes. For the adventure magazine is here, specialized, as all good things must be in this day and age; the love story periodical has reared its Titian head (Titian makes a brave show); the confession journal will give the truth, pure, unadulterated, and bleeding, so that all may read and run—to buy and read again; and, lastly, the sloppy story, filthy story, and dirty story magazines will provide the owners of the hitherto mentioned sensual lips with what to be sensual about.

Notice the genius back of the specialization. It serves a double purpose, of course. Those who want the one kind of stimulation, and the one kind only, need not be hampered from buying by the presence of the other kinds between the same covers, and those who want more than one sort—may buy more than one magazine. The idea is simple, like all great discoveries, but it has led to the building of vast fortunes. For understand that no publisher publishes but one kind of magazine. There are dozens of houses in the game, and each of them furnishes a complete assortment, with combination subscriptions, if wanted, supplying everything from love to mystery. Thus we have humanity catalogued, apparently, but not entirely, unwittingly.

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Each of these publications represents a culture of its own, and quickly develops a jargon and a psychology. The sea tales publications have a salt, wet flavor about even the subscription announcements; the detective mystery journals breathe cleverness and the fighting spirit; the Western magazines are redolent of such things as ranch houses, cowpunchers, sagebrush, steers, and branding irons, and those five words seem to be the only ones needed in the vocabulary of romancers who would stick to the true spirit of the great West. No one could mistake the editorial style of the love story magazines for that of the more-or-less-true story periodicals. The one is tremulous with romance and with the charm of youthful days beneath the whatever it is that youthful days are spent beneath, while the other sturdily reaches out its tentacles in search of the gory truth. It would be more than interesting to know whether the reading of these exerts an effect comparable with the writing of them. I cannot imagine a dyed-in-the-wool confession story editor ever being much good for anything else.

II

I have spoken of the completeness of an individual as being measured by the range of his interests, and have indicated some possible combinations of these interests. But such a presentation is hopelessly unscientific, and so, in this day of point scales for the measuring of everything from intelligence to pickle warts, I offer a little scale of my own, for the measurement of nothing less than social intelligence. Social intelligence is rather awe-inspiring in sound, and is selected for that reason. A little explanation will make it clear. The person who cares only for love is obviously one-sided, and is thus lacking in some degree of social intelligence. The individual who combines an interest in love with an interest in adventure is as obviously of a better cast. He should be so graded, and it is this that my point scale sets out to do. Then again, the person who is interested in neither love nor adventure, but who is absorbed in the search for truth and in, let us whisper it, filth, must be compared with the persons mentioned above, and some means must be found of putting them all on a single scale. The process is simplicity itself.

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Let us assume that all those things which make an appeal to the human mind are of equal value. This assumption is necessary, for the double reason that we cannot proceed without it, and that no other valuation can be reasonably upheld. Thus we assign a certain point-value to each of these interests. Let us take twenty points as the unit, and see what we get. Interest in love, as shown by a reading of the love story journals, gives a man a credit of twenty. Since one hundred is perfect, he would be only one-fifth of a man. Suppose, however, he reads regularly two, and not one, of these journals. Well, twice as much interest in love is worth twice as many points. Therefore he becomes two-fifths of a man, and it is apparent that he can easily enter the pale of humanity, with perseverance and the cultivation of his tastes. One may object that a man who reads five love periodicals is not so good a man as he who reads one each of five different kinds of magazines, but the argument is weak. Obviously, he who is five times as much interested in any subject as any other person is a genius, and so gets his one hundred points willy-nilly.

I can already see the statisticians beginning to standardize scores and arrange graphs on the basis of this method. Before they proceed a few remaining points must be elucidated. What of the man who reads those hybrid productions, the general fiction magazines, which publish stories of adventure, love, filth, and, sometimes, truth? Shall he receive one hundred points at once, regardless of the fact that he reads but one magazine? Or shall he receive a demerit for evading effort? After all, he may be interested in only one feature of the entire journal. But we must score him, and so we will call every paper of this type the equivalent of thirty points. Thus, two of these equal three mixed or three of one kind—a rule which would not hold in poker but which seems peculiarly applicable here.

And now, at last, the latest manifestation of our genius has acquired true significance. Each man reveals himself, and there is none so sharp but that we can find him out and rate him thirty, or forty, or zero, as the case may be. No longer can he hope to evade by taking his magazine of love or truth and reading it in the close-locked seclusion of his study. We have, as we may say, his number, for if he hides the things from us, the lower is his

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rating, and the lesser man is he. And so we find that we have removed the cause for hypocrisy by a harmless bit of strategy. A man must mention all he reads, or he fails to capitalize himself for all he is. He is forced to the revelation of his tastes, and it is not hoping too much to long for the day when every man will be proud to stand up for everything he likes, and when the education and indulgence of tastes now considered low will become one of the highest of pedagogic duties.

Regard the spectacle! as the French say. A nation devoted to adventure and the consequent improvement of health and vigor; a nation devoted to the pursuit of love, and the consequent improvement in delicacy, taste and manners; a nation devoted to the investigation of filth, and the resulting destruction of prudery and hypocrisy; a nation, lastly, set aglow by the fine fervor of the search for truth, truth as everlasting as eternally bright, truth resplendent in its transcendent purity of motive, truth, in short as our True Tale periodicals give it to their palpitating seekers. Only now do we see the covers of our popular magazines in their true light. And only now can we see the beings who read these magazines as they really are. And what are they? Dolts and lepers, indulging knavish inclinations through the charmed proxy of the printed word? Or men and women of vision and enterprize, responding to the age-old calls of the heart and the mind, striving, seeking . . . but one's voice breaks at this crucial moment, and one finds it hard to continue.

One final point before we leave the charmed vicinity of the point scale for the measurement of social intelligence. What of the sex problem involved? There is a sex problem in everything, and we have left this one for the last, in order to show the culminating glory of our classification at its brightest before we leave for the improvement of other fields. What of the woman who reads adventure magazines, and of the man who reads nothing but the frills-and-fancies group of papers? Are they to receive full credit, or less, or more? Before answering, we must remind the constituency that this is the age of equal rights. Since equal rights are, of the utmost importance to the development of the body politic, the one who encourages them is deserving of credit. Enough! He gets it—forty points to the man who

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reads a feminine journal, and forty points to the woman who reads a he-man paper.

III

So much settled, there yet remains a task. These periodical *compendia* hide something else behind their lithographed covers beside the sheafs of newsprint upon which their pabulum is printed. This is nothing less than a group of philosophical definitions. If a magazine is to call itself the purveyor of love tales, then the premise it goes upon is that it knows what love is. The same lucid bit of reasoning holds for all the other works in this class, for the mystery magazines, the filth journals, and the true tale tellers. Similarly, the one who reads this or that magazine in the series must have a comprehension of love, or filth, or adventure, or whatever it is he is buying, else how will he recognize it when he comes upon it, and know that he is getting his money's worth? It is apparent then that these definitions exist, and it remains for us, as constructive social philosophers, to peer behind the gaudy covers, to examine carefully the cheap paper and the lines printed upon it, and, lastly, to formulate our observations so that we may really know what love, what adventure, what truth, and what filth come to in this living exploitation of their very essences.

The classical view of the gentle passion, to start with that, holds that it is a perennial and enduring sympathy, a fitness of personality subsisting between two individuals of opposite sex, a fitness which renders them capable of living with each other in peace and harmony throughout their mortal days. Nothing could be further than that from the truth. If they agree upon anything, all the love periodicals agree that love is a force. It is more than a force, it is a dazzling force. And, far from permitting the victims of itself to live in peace and harmony throughout their days, it renders them miserable. It never relents until the last paragraph, or, in exceptional cases, just before the last one. Then another force enters in (unnamed) and assures them that they will be happy forever more. But until then—to fall in love means to enter a snappy plot, to be subject to all sorts of misfortunes, to be misunderstood, reviled, spurned, flouted, jilted,

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stood up, thrown out, neglected, misused, stepped upon, hissed at, laughed at, leered at, mocked at, and otherwise employed in the same general manner. True love not only refuses to run smoothly but insists upon taking for itself the most tortuous and inconvenient paths to get from the place where it is perfectly happy to somewhere else where it can be properly miserable. Then, after a period of probation, it goes back to where it started, which return is much shorter than the going, being accomplished by a mere transitional phrase in the last sentence. I had not known that love was all of this, but these crystallizations of the popular spirit cannot be wrong.

True adventure, to continue our cataloguing, is a bit easier to define in concrete terms. Any person, say A, starts to do something. A complicating circumstance, say B, or circumstances, as B, C, D, E, and F, attempt to stop A from reaching his goal. These circumstances may be helped or hindered by other persons, as X, Y, and Z. In the end A reaches the goal, say T, or else finds that he always preferred another goal, say U, all the time without knowing it, and that he owes a great deal to B, C, D, and so on, for hindering him from finding the right one. The true goal and the false goal, that is, U and T, may be (1) money, (2) the crook, (3) the girl up there in the mountains, (4) fame through a great exploit, (5) the saving of the country through finding and destroying the papers, (6) that thar' grizzly b'ar, and, (7) what have you? The leeway here for the creative imagination is, of course, far more open than in the case of fiction dealing with the tender delight. A certain increased vigor of phrase is also called for, and local color, divided into several classes as Northwest Mounted local color, Chinese local color, Malayan local color, cowboy and Indian local color, underworld local color, etc. A lexicographer who prepared standard lists of words to give the requisite local color for each part of the world would do the writing profession a great service.

Strangely enough, the popular magazine conception of filth need not alarm the most prudish. Filth, in the eyes of those who furnish it to the public, consists in a woman's (a) kissing another man just before a row of dots, (b) winking slowly and wickedly just at the end of a paragraph, (c) being "kept", and (d) being

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intimate. Nothing more salacious than this ever appears behind the suggestive pictures on the covers. The characters don't even love each other, in the confession magazine sense of the term, and the details are all harmlessly and amusingly formularized. Into the meaningless formula employed one is at liberty to read whatever he chooses.

Remains truth, truth sought of the ancients, truth, the goal of five dozen centuries of philosophic endeavor, truth, the beacon light—but I said that before. Well, what does this awe-inspiring thing turn out to be? Is it "the last seeming"? Is it the "easiest connecting chain between old knowledge and revolutionary information"? It is not. Truth is, to revert to the convenient parentheses, (1) I loved him, oh, how I loved him! (2) I sinned —but I repented, oh, how I repented! (3) I knew it was wrong, but I was an innocent girl. (4) I never suspected the foul fiend; (5) at once a thrill of terror shot through me; I knew that this was no place for me, and, (6) it was the end, oh, it was the end, and I was ruined. There it is, set out under six headings. How must the old Greeks in heaven feel when they look at this, in the light of their own painful searches? No one can say that we moderns aren't the thing. We've found truth—just like that: and we can sneer, all of us, at Parmenides and the sober Aristotle.

IV

Remains the peroration. These magazines have given us that which humanity in all ages has held dearest. They have shown us the fine flame of love; they have demonstrated the depths to which shameful passion may sink; they have taken us in wild adventure journeying from the sinister streets of Hangchow to the depths of the Malayan jungle; they have given us truth, everlasting and never old. Behind the bright covers of these symbols of our progress beats the heart of our civilization. Their gaudy covers mirror the joy in perfect life, and their absorbing contents add to the zest of living. They have defined difficult philosophic concepts, and they have provided a scale for the estimating of mankind. Long may they rave. Forever—but I have a lurking fear that my voice will break again.

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A PREDESTINED DRAMATIST

BY WILLIAM H. SCHEIFLEY

Of the French dramatists who produced the major part of their works in the first two decades of the present century, Henry Bataille will probably best stand the test of time. This we infer not only from the intrinsic merit of his finest plays, but also from the frequency of their performance at the Comédie Française and other Parisian theatres, where they are greeted by large audiences. In this respect he shows greater vitality than such of his older *confrères* as Hervieu, Curel, Brieux, Capus and Lavedan. Indeed, Bataille's growing fame makes us regret the more sincerely his untimely death in 1922, at the age of fifty. Having attained the zenith of his intellectual powers, rich in culture and human experience, the gifted dramatist was scarcely midway in the period of fruitful maturity. Had he not launched six notable new pieces after the end of the World War?

Not since the death of Rostand had the French stage suffered a loss so grievous. Although Rostand enjoyed larger popularity in foreign countries, Bataille was endowed with a more complex personality and a deeper psychological understanding of character. He possessed, as well, a broad vision and a taste for generalization, which give to certain of his pieces a firm philosophical structure. Few writers have so deftly seized the elusive and the intangible. Few have painted more accurately the fleeting shades and the complexities of their *milieu*. None of his contemporaries have portrayed in strokes more telling the suffering of aching hearts. Bataille blends romanticism and realism with lyric idealism, his plays usually being constructed around a lyric idea. In his dramas, then, the most divergent influences meet, only to fuse in the brilliant flame of his genius.

Henry Bataille was an apostle of truth, in art no less than in life. A firm believer in "art for art", he drew a sharp distinc-

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tion between truth and morality. That is why he abhorred prudery and social hypocrisy. He conceived of a morality more liberal and human. True, he has mostly painted personages unable to resist their appetites—a right that must be conceded to the artist. All we can reasonably ask is that characters seem lifelike and interesting; they need not be saintly. Measured by this standard, Bataille's portraits often score high. Think what we may of his stress upon instinct, the trait unquestionably has served his purpose.

Thus, in scrutinizing the mind, he takes due account of its close relation to our physical being, often seeking in the obscure manifestations of instinct the reasons for our actions. Quite naturally, he ennobles his portrayal of human infirmities in compassionately stooping to assuage them. Owing perhaps to his impressionable temperament and his palpitant sensibility, he felt for suffering mankind, especially the slaves of passion, an immense pity. Like Tolstoi, whose *Resurrection* he adapted for the French stage, he accords to such victims of passion his full sympathy. On the other hand, for love, their despotic tyrant, he shows less indulgence. In fact, his dramas constitute an impressive indictment of love's crimes. After the manner of Racine and Porto-Riche, he explores the hearts of characters consumed by passion and devoid of will. His best plays exhibit love's ravages and disenchantments. Yet, even though love be an "inexplicable disaster", it is, in Bataille's own words, "our refuge from the infinite solitude imposed upon us by nature". What is more, "love dominates matter and expresses our rebellious protest against the ephemeral character of life". Surely, no one familiar with Gallic tradition, no admirer of Gallic literary ideals, should think this creed strange.

Henry Bataille's literary career comprises three periods. The first, from 1890 to 1903, shows him to be a melancholy lyric poet haunted by dramatic art. His second manner, which ends with the year 1911, reveals a healthier outlook. Here we find his best known plays, all dealing with "love". Similarly, in his last period, the dramatist evinces a predilection for love themes, though from a broad point of view, usually with a philosophic background.

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Bataille's early poetry is characterized by a charming simplicity. Both *La Chambre Blanche* and *Le Beau Voyage*, with their fragile grace and tender sentiment, seem like delicate reflections from nature. Autobiographical, they depict the author's impressions in childhood and adolescence. Every thought of that enchanting part of life draws from the poet's harp-like temperament vibrations at once caressing and painful. Not less engaging are his first dramas—incursions into the realm of the primitive. While their versification occasionally echoes Baudelaire's art, their mystic and legendary features suggest the plays of Paul Claudel. With Claudel, Bataille believed that life was dominated by the unconscious. His heroines Aliette and Marthe symbolize two aspects of love, the sensual and the sentimental. However, dramatic situations are not the chief object of this *spectacle dans un fauteuil.* Rather does the young playwright seek to charm our emotions. Although his temperament appears more clearly in *L'Enchantement* (1900), he still expresses passion largely by means of lyrical effusions.

Maman Colibri (1904), which inaugurates Bataille's second manner, attests notable forward strides. His art has become vigorous, lucid, and free from encumbrance. Here he shows real talent for dramatic situations and for scenic effects. He has learnt the value of technique; his psychology, previously rather rudimentary, now gives to his characters greater naturalness. The contemporary French drama offers nothing more remarkable than this play, which depicts love as an imperious instinct obsessing a woman of middle age who falls enamored of her son's companion. In spite of the delicate theme, Bataille boldly attacked the danger and overcame all obstacles. Large audiences, moved by the tragic passion of Irène de Rysbergue, acclaimed the play night after night; and it bids fair to remain a favorite of the French stage.

In 1905, Bataille achieved a similar success with *La Marche Nuptiale*, the pathetic story of an upright girl who, heeding what seems to be the call of her heart, elopes with an unworthy piano teacher. But alas! the heart may lead us into disaster; for is not love blind? Nevertheless, there is logic in this tragedy. Unlike Bataille's weak-willed heroines, Grace de Plessans has

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the courage of her convictions. When, therefore, she has lost faith in her ideal, she ends her life. Love no longer seems to her unique and sublime. Disillusioned, she realizes its mediocrity, and so punishes herself for her mistake. *La Marche Nuptiale* probably owes something to *L'Assommoir*, though Bataille has idealized Zola's art. The flavor and charm of his drama lie particularly in its minor touches—emotional reflections and analyses which lend to it beauty, cohesion, and naturalness.

Those very qualities, in a maturer form, contribute to make *La Femme Nue*, produced in 1908, Bataille's most lifelike play. To be sure, the theme, again, is commonplace. An artist marries the devoted companion of his evil days. Then, tiring of her, he abandons her for a woman of higher station. Pierre's ingratitude so grieves Loulou that she attempts suicide. The simplicity of the plot is characteristic of the play. Disdaining artificial devices, Bataille here clings to human nature. His masterpiece owes its merit entirely to the sincerity of its sentiments, the fidelity of its characterization, and the atmosphere of tender pity which envelops the whole. This play consecrated his fame. In the contemporary drama, the French stage has nothing more admirable to offer.

In his final period, Bataille frequently strikes a philosophical note. For this reason, he has been likened to Ibsen and François de Curel. Truly, he impresses us somewhat as an Ibsen unobscured by the foggy mists of the fiords. But, whereas Ibsen frequently becomes declamatory, Bataille is never didactic. None the less, his plays contain a philosophy, individualistic like Ibsen's, although it deals only with what the French call "sentiments". Bataille concerns himself little with social evils; rather does his interest centre in man's inherent attributes. In his philosophic plays, therefore, he purposes to probe deep into life, seeking its eternal sources and mysterious manifestations. He believes that, if they be considered from this point of view, new interest attaches to such subjects as genius, ambition, love, and devotion. Representative of his philosophical manner are such dramas as *Les Flambeaux*, *L'Animateur*, and *La Tendresse*.

Les Flambeaux (1912) is a well-composed piece teeming with mental food. The title has reference to the savants and other

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people of superior intellectual attainments. The dramatist considers the psychology of an eminent scientist who illicitly falls in love with his secretary. The affair having resulted in a duel, the repentant savant, mortally wounded, implores his wife and his assistant to continue his epoch-making investigations.

Related in theme to *Les Flambeaux* is *L'Animateur* (1920). This word is to be taken in a double sense: the "animator" of people and of ideas. Every father is the creator of his child, though not necessarily its "animator". By the latter term should be understood an intellectual force capable of communicating to others the power of animated activity and of access to the higher spheres of life. In other words, Bataille aims to show the supremacy of the fundamental ideas that lead civilization, forces superior even to human bonds, family or racial. Thus, Dartès, the principal "animator" in the play, not only molds a girl's mind, but even holds her affection more securely than do her parents. To be sure, his liberal ideas encounter stubborn opposition from the reactionaries, yet the cause sponsored by him eventually triumphs.

Some critics have seen in *L'Animateur* Bataille's most powerful drama. It certainly is his best social play, and affords a splendid illustration of the increasing importance of ideas in his work. His dramas depicted, at first, chiefly outbursts of passion; then passion or sentiments in conflict with ideas; then sentiments in collaboration with ideas. In *L'Animateur*, however, the sentiments arise from ideas, passions being merely ideas in dynamic form. *La Tendresse* (1921), although philosophical in tendency, treats rather of the fundamental sources of affection. While the subject may seem singularly lacking in dramatic possibilities, the play paints a pathetic picture of life. For creating an interesting play out of nothing, Bataille rivals Musset, Halévy, and Porto-Riche.

Henry Bataille was truly a "predestined writer". Unlike Flaubert, he "composed as naturally as he breathed", a fortunate circumstance in view of his delicate health. Eternally inspired, he could not stay the ferment of his creative impulse. His extensive work—poetry, dramas, and articles—cost him little effort. Some of his finest pieces were "dashed off in one stroke".

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Still, in spite of their frequency, his offerings always attracted appreciative audiences. His dress rehearsals were real theatrical events. Occasionally his plays irritated; oftener they irritated and delighted. Being the expressions of a strong personality, they usually awakened either passionate enthusiasm or violent criticism.

Henry Bataille's work, magnificent and varied, glowing with passion, replete with sensibility and pity, forms one of the most imposing monuments of contemporary French literature. His art of blending sensibility with pathos reminds one of Daudet and Loti. In nearly all his dramas we can detect a lyrical element. Yet, despite this lyricism, he never loses sight of nature. Although idealism most attracted him, he excels for realistic scenes. Indeed, some of his plays, notably *Le Phalène* and *La Chair Humaine*, suffer from a glaring realism. This fault may have been a precaution of nature to prevent him from going astray in chimerical abstraction. He has aptly been compared to Baudelaire, a Baudelaire dramatically inclined, less stern and disdainful, but endowed with Baudelaire's keen penetration and preference for the elegiac, the sensual, and the eternal.

A romantic by temperament, Bataille was a classicist in his art of painting character. He evinced little fondness for the comedy of manners. Nor was he, like Becque, Lavedan, and Capus, an ironic satirist. On the contrary, for earnestness and sincerity he ranks with Hervieu and Brieux, even though in other respects his work bears to theirs only a slight resemblance. He extolled the beauty of disinterested toil, and eventually came to believe that we can discipline, even if not always conquer, our passions. Chief among Bataille's traits is his talent for visualizing images and for intensifying sentiments, qualities which enabled him to paint scenes unsurpassed for plenitude and emotion. His influence has been considerable, and his work seems destined to survive among the important dramatic productions of his generation.

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AFFAIRS OF THE WORLD

EDITORIALLY REVIEWED

The Mexican Settlement

It would be ungracious to question or to speculate upon the motives of the Mexican Government in issuing regulations which bring to a satisfactory end the ten years old controversy between that country and this over the rights of American owners of oil lands. We prefer to apply to the matter that wise and generous provision of our Constitution which requires each State to give full faith and credit to the public acts, records and judicial proceedings of every other State; a principle which, if observed in International as well as Interstate transactions, should go far toward the establishment of universal peace and good will. It is sufficient, therefore, that the American Ambassador to Mexico, than whom, because both of his official position and his personal qualifications, there can be no better authority, confidently reports a "determination, by the judicial, the executive and legislative, and the administrative departments of the Mexican Government to recognize all rights held by foreigners in oil properties prior to the adoption of the 1917 Constitution." It may be added that the State Department at Washington accepts this view of its representative, and feels sure that any further questions which may arise "can be settled through the due operation of the Mexican administration and the Mexican courts." We commend that achievement to the consideration of those who have regarded the Coolidge Administration as inept in diplomacy, and also, coupled with the distinguished achievement of Mr. Hughes at Havana, upon which it closely followed, to the "calamity howlers" about our Latin American relations.

The Nicaragua Canal

Senator McKellar's bill for a Nicaragua Canal Commission is timely. We might indeed say that it is urgent, in view of known

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conditions and facts. The Panama Canal, successful beyond the most roseate visions of Ferdinand de Lesseps, has nearly reached the limit of its capacity. Enlargement of it, or construction of a parallel canal, would be of no avail, for the reason that there would be no sufficient water supply to flood it. If canal traffic continues to increase at its present rate, within ten years there will be needed to float it every available drop of water on the Isthmus; and thereafter there can be no further increase. The inevitable alternatives will then be to have traffic come to a standstill or to provide additional facilities. Dismissing the former as intolerable, the latter in turn presents these alternatives: Either reduce the Panama Canal to sea level—Bunau-Varilla's "Straits of Panama"—with practically unlimited transit capacity, or construct a new canal at Nicaragua. As neither of these projects could probably be completed before the time when the Panama Canal will reach its limit of capacity, we feel justified in our suggestion that Senator McKellar's proposal is urgent. As for our right to go to work at Nicaragua, it is not only a right but a duty; seeing that for fourteen years we have had a treaty with that country giving us the exclusive title to such a canal. The part of a do-nothing would not comport with American enterprise, nor that of a dog in the manger with American honor.

A *Canadian Monroe Doctrine?*

Are the various members of the British Commonwealth of Nations to refuse to enter into "entangling alliances" with each other? That would be an extraordinary performance. Yet it is difficult to place any other interpretation upon the refusal of Canada to participate in or to approve the proposed British treaty with Egypt. As made clear in a recent article in our pages, that treaty will be of vital importance to Great Britain and to a majority of the other members of the Commonwealth, but it will not be vital to Canada, wherefore that great Dominion will have nothing to do with it, and presumably might not aid the Mother Country in physical enforcement of it, should that become necessary. How resolute this attitude of Canada is may be realized from the fact that it has compelled the British Foreign

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Office to change the wording of the draft treaty in a most significant respect. As originally drawn the treaty purported to be made by "His Majesty the King of Great Britain and Ireland and of the British Dominions beyond the Seas, Emperor of India"; but now it has been modified so as to style him merely King of Great Britain and Northern Ireland; a designation unique in English history. We have of course no thought that this indicates the slightest slackening of Canadian loyalty to the British Empire. Yet it would not be far fetched to see in it a certain analogy to the American attitude toward purely European affairs as declared in the Monroe Doctrine.

Lynch Law and Mob Mercy

Lynch law is generally and deservedly condemned. In many cases it doubtless executes justice, but that fact is not sufficient to warrant such substitution of mob judgment for the ordered judgment of a court of law. But is there any more justification for what, to continue the alliteration, we may call mob mercy? We mean the granting of a pardon or a commutation of sentence in response to the clamor of the multitude or to numerously signed petitions. Such demonstrations are usually caused by unreasoning sentiment, just as much as lynchings are provoked by unreasoning passion; and the former are just as likely to err as the latter. The exercise of clemency toward a criminal is properly a judicial function, no less than the imposition of a sentence, and the clamor of a mob is as unfitting in the one case as in the other.

As to an Arms Embargo

It would not be a becoming function of a civilized nation to make a business of manufacturing arms and ammunition and supplying them indiscriminately to all belligerents the world around. On the other hand, a perpetual and universal prohibition of such exports to any nation might seem somewhat incongruous, particularly for the United States. It would have been decidedly awkward for this country for France to have made such an embargo effective in 1776. In the historic phrase of Mutt and Jeff, let us use discretion—as we have been doing.

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"The War (of 1776) Is Over!"

Some pertinent and profitable observations upon Anglo-American relations, past, present and prospective, are made by "Augur" in *The Fortnightly Review*, which we heartily commend to all whom they may concern; to wit:

> We know of no historian or political writer who holds the view that, if the American Revolution had been defeated, Great Britain would have been better off today. On the contrary, it is certain that, if the link between the Mother Country and the States had been preserved, the British Empire, as it exists at present, with its splendid resources, its unexampled vitality and unrivalled possibilities, would not have been created. This, because North America would have drained the forces of the United Kingdom to an extent that would have left nothing over for enterprise in other parts of the world . . . the growing colony would have overshadowed the homeland, and London would have become the appendix of New York and Britain of no consequence in the international councils. . . . There are no bitter memories in Great Britain about the American Revolution, as also there is not the shade of a desire for a return of relations now prehistoric.

What the Mayor of Chicago will say to that is matter for curious speculation, though we should not be surprised if he denounced it as British propaganda, subtly camouflaged, and put us, for quoting it, in the pillory as secret agents of King George.

"Stabilizing" Easter

After the pound and the franc and the lira and what not else, Easter is to be stabilized; if the British Parliament can have its way. Only, it isn't to be absolutely stabilized, but approximately. It will not be made a Fixed Feast but will continue a Movable, but with considerably less latitude. Instead of falling anywhere from March 22 to April 25, it will be confined to some date between April 9 and April 16; eight days instead of thirty-five. And it is prudently announced that no Order in Council for making the change effective and compulsory will be issued until the other European Governments and also the Roman Catholic and Orthodox Greek churches signify their approval of it. That reservation, we should conservatively reckon, will probably postpone the change until the Greek Kalends. It will be ob-

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served that the attitude of the Jews toward it seems not to have been taken into account; despite the obvious fact, duly weighed by the Council of Nice, that in order to have its full historical fitness and spiritual significance the Christian feast of Easter must approximately coincide in date with the Jewish feast of the Passover. The logical course would therefore seem to be either to leave Easter as it is, or else to make it an absolutely fixed day, as Christmas is, on the actual anniversary of the event which it commemorates. To separate it from the Passover, and yet to give it no fixed date, would be to destroy the good and to retain the evil of the present system.

International Waterways

A curious echo of the long ago has been awakened in current discussions of the proposed St. Lawrence waterway from the Great Lakes to the Atlantic. Mr. B. K. Sandwell, the Editor of *The Financial Times*, of Montreal, reminds us that just about a hundred years ago America urgently sought from Great Britain recognition of the "natural right" of this country to navigate at will the lower St. Lawrence, where it runs through exclusively Canadian territory, as an outlet to the sea from the undeniably International waters of its upper reaches and of the Great Lakes; which recognition Great Britain refused. We may also recall that at a still earlier date there were two such controversies over the Mississippi River, in one of which Great Britain wanted the right to navigate that stream from Canada—in which it was supposed to rise—to the Gulf; which of course we refused. In the other case, America demanded the right to navigate the lower part of the river, through Spanish territory; a demand which was granted only as a treaty privilege, and which led ultimately to the Louisiana Purchase. Curiously enough, if not paradoxically, Jefferson and Madison seemed to believe in the "natural right" of one nation thus to use the territorial waters of another, while Hamilton held the contrary view, which has in fact prevailed. Happily a rational adjustment between America and Great Britain was long ago effected through a treaty which gives this country perpetual freedom of navigation of the St. Lawrence and Canada similar use of Alaskan waterways to the Pacific.

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The Dean of Americans

Chauncey Mitchell Depew may well be regarded as having been for years the Dean of American citizens in public life. In mere length of service we can recall no other career comparable with that of the man who was an active campaigner for Abraham Lincoln in 1860 and was about to take part in the selection of a successor to Calvin Coolidge in 1928. In variety, moreover, and in importance and distinction, his services were as noteworthy as they were in their years. In neighborhood, in city, in State, in Nation and in International affairs, he was a singularly useful man. Nobody would ever have hesitated to name him as pre-eminently a "one hundred per cent. American", and yet he was many years ago acclaimed as conspicuously a "citizen of the world"; a combination as felicitous as it was exceptional. He ranged the whole gamut of human interests, equally efficient in domestic, social, religious, educational, political and business life. Few men have ever got more out of life than he, or have given more to it out of the opulence of their own individualities. In an exalted sense he realized the whimsical tribute paid to him in verse by his bosom friend Bromley, as one who "now prays with the pious, now drinks with the dry". We can recall no other man who so perfectly possessed the rare and precious gift of adapting himself to his companions and his circumstances without discounting his personality or abdicating his authority. Nor can we forget what many with reason regard as perhaps his crowning quality, his invincible and perpetual optimism; because that characteristic was inspired by and based upon his unwavering faith in God and his equal confidence in the ultimate triumph of goodness in man. It was that spirit of his, unclouded and unconquerable, that made at least his corner of the world, a very considerable corner, perceptibly better for his having lived in it.

No Pax Russiana Rubra

Lord Cushendun fittingly scathed the impertinent hypocrisy of the Bolshevist envoys at Geneva in professing to seek International peace through universal disarmament, while at the same time their colleagues and agents were seeking to foment civil war

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in other countries than their own. Not under its present misrulers will Red Russia be freed from Tennyson's reproach of "a monstrous liar" or Kipling's of "the Bear that walks like a Man".

Men Who Knew How to Die

Nothing could fully atone for such a heartrending tragedy as that of the Submarine S–4. Yet a certain thrill of consolatory triumph was felt at the piteous disclosures of the sunken hulk, when after a weary while it was at last explored. For there it was found that the members of the crew, trapped, betrayed, abandoned to slow torment and agonizing death, amid all the horror of their helplessness, knew how to die like men. In circumstances more maddening and appalling than we can well conceive, there was no panic, no frantic mania, but rather a calm and confident confronting of fate, like that of "one who wraps the drapery of his couch about him, and lies down to pleasant dreams". Nor was such manly heroism unique, though happily rare because of the rarity of such occasions. The story of the sinking of the *Birkenhead* has been a familiar inspiration to successive generations of schoolboys; and the final surmounting of the Northern Pole was not more splendid than the spirit of those Arctic voyagers who failed in the quest and were able at the last only to report to their rescuers, "Here we are, all that are left of us, trying to die like men." There is after all something in man that can "tire torture and time", and triumph over even the most abhorrent fate.

Understanding the Doctrine

"On our side," says the always Americophil *Spectator* of London, "we may be accused of not understanding the Monroe Doctrine. We can only say that every nation that signed the Covenant of the League accepted the Doctrine, and we must be given credit for that." Yes; we do give full credit for that, and we hope that very much more may properly be given. For there would be little satisfaction in crediting any nation with accepting the Doctrine under the definition of it that is given in the Covenant of the League; a definition which is comparable with that of a crab as "a red fish that swims backward". Whatever under-

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standing of it other nations may have, we must believe that the countrymen of George Canning know what the Monroe Doctrine really means.

The Greek Homecoming

Legends of the Dorian Invasion, the Flight of the Golden Horde and what not find a parallel in an actual transaction of our own day. Greece is now repatriating in her homeland about a million and a half of her people who have hitherto been living in Ottoman Thrace and Asia Minor. That would be an enormous migration in any land and among any people, in its actual numbers. Relatively to the population of the country concerned it is simply overwhelming. For it means an increase of the inhabitants of Greece by more than twenty per cent. It is equivalent to our having twenty-four million people poured into the United States in the course of a few weeks, most of them little better than paupers, for us to provide with homes and means of maintenance. The task thus presented may well tax to the utmost the economic resourcefulness of the Greek nation, though, with its keen vitality and indomitable spirit, we shall expect to see it perform it with success and even greatly to profit by it in the end. For it is not an alien influx, but one homogeneous with the existing population, which may be expected to strengthen the Greek State in spirit and national purpose even more than it increases it in numbers.

Cannot Poets Imagine?

An announcement which must cause the literary world to sit up and take notice is made to the effect that Longfellow conceived the entire epic of *Hiawatha* from looking at a photograph, or daguerreotype, which somebody had made of the Falls of Minnehaha. This is comparable in interest with the cavern in a rocky hillside which is, with equal authority, said to have inspired Augustus Toplady to write his hymn *Rock of Ages*, and is not likely to be surpassed until somebody finds the upholsterer's shop in which a display of violet velvet curtain material moved Poe to write *The Raven*. Strange, that people should deny to poets even an infinitesimal measure of that inventive imagination which they themselves possess and exercise to so amazing a degree!

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"Old, Unhappy Things"

Perhaps it was just as well to eliminate, as the English have done, some portions of the cinematograph films portraying the martyrdom of Edith Cavell; and that quite irrespective of any question concerning their truthfulness. The waters of Lethe are in flood. Our Northern States have returned to the South their captured Confederate battleflags, and Spain has returned to Cuba with the honors of war the revolutionary standards which Weyler and Martinez Campos took from the patriot bands. Everywhere there is forgetfulness of "old, unhappy things, and battles long ago," save in Chicago, where Big Bill, recalcitrant and inexorable, shouts at the shade of George the Third, "I have not yet begun to fight!"

Cotton Economics

A striking parallel in embarrassment is presented by the conditions of the cotton trade respectively in England and in New England. In the former, the competition of India is severely felt, where vast factories have been erected, with labor at only a fraction of the British wages. In the latter the competition of the Southern States is causing depression and is ominous of disaster, because these have built and equipped factories equal to those of the North, with the great advantages not only of proximity to the cotton fields but also of longer hours of labor at much lower wages. The problem, which is the same in both countries, is a serious one, the solution of which is still in the lap of the gods. One thing, however, it will not and cannot be. There can be no reduction of wages or increase of hours, to meet the competing standards. Twentieth century economics can take no backward and downward step.

Washingtoniana

The erection of a magnificent memorial chapel at Valley Forge commands hearty patriotic approval, despite one fearful anticipation. That is, that there will be aroused an interminable dispute as to whether Washington did or did not go into the woods and pray to God during that winter of suffering. Prob-

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ably the matter is insusceptible of absolute proof; though on the face of the case it seems rather more likely that he did pray at Valley Forge than that he "swore like an angel" at the Battle of Monmouth. However, we may as well be resigned to the impending wrangle over that one detail, as a mere advance skirmish in the war of words that will rage a few years hence when the bicentenary of his birth is commemorated. Will there, we wonder, be a single jot or tittle in his entire record that will escape dispute?

Agricultural Revolution

It is something far more than mere evolution, it is a most impressive revolution, which is promised in one of the oldest of our great agricultural industries. Sugar production in Louisiana has in late years suffered a disastrous decline. Once it amounted to 350,000 tons a year, and employed half a million persons. Now it has fallen to 70,000 tons, with a like decline in the number of employees. Among the causes have been overproduction in other lands, the rivalry of beet sugar, and destructive diseases of the canes; against which some have despairingly thought it impossible to contend. Not all have been fainthearted, however; and now it is announced that a new variety of cane has been found which successfully resists disease, and which yields from four to seven times as many tons to the acre, and thirty per cent. more sugar to the ton. Moreover, it is found that there is fully twice as much available sugar plantation land in the State as ever yet has been cultivated.

In brief, instead of the former 350,000 tons, there is now a prospect of something like 5,500,000 tons. We need not point the obvious fact that if those anticipations are realized to the extent of only one-half, the result will be the greatest agricultural revolution in our history, save possibly that effected through Whitney's invention of the cotton gin. The example is to be commended for possible emulation to other departments of agriculture, as a practical vindication of the apophthegm of the King of Brobdingnag concerning the value of making two blades of grass grow where only one grew before.

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Shamed by a Neighbor

In Argentina at the recent Presidential election more than ninety per cent. of the qualified voters went to the polls and cast their ballots, and "no disorderly incidents were reported anywhere". In the United States at the last Presidential election only about fifty-one per cent. voted, and in the second largest city of the country at this spring's primary election there was a virtual state of siege, marked with ballot box stuffing, use of machine guns by criminal gangsters, kidnapping, and murder. The facts of record are their own most trenchant comments.

Is Shakespeare to be Padlocked?

It is to be hoped that as a result of the publication of the diary of a vicar of Stratford-on-Avon the works of Shakespeare will not be placed under the ban as offensive to the Volstead Act. Yet we are not without our apprehensions. For that ancient and presumptively veracious record informs us that "Shakespeare, Drayton and Ben Jonson had a merry meeting and, it seems, drank too hard, for Shakespeare died of a fever there contracted." There is surely ground for fearing that that will be regarded as warranting enforcement agents to raid with force and arms any place where a play of the bibulous bard is being enacted, if not indeed to confiscate and suppress all copies of his works, as containing more than one-half of one per cent. of suggested wetness.

Freedom of Hearing

Freedom of speech is guaranteed, within appropriate limits, by the Constitution, with not a word about freedom of hearing—or not hearing. Yet we must contend that the ear is no less entitled to protection than the tongue. This reflection arises from the partly silly and partly malicious pother that has been raised against the Daughters of the American Revolution, because they have decided not to waste their time in listening to the harangues of propagandists who are striving to defeat the very objects for which that honored society exists. Of course the talk of "blacklist" and "denial of freedom of speech" is as foolish as it is insincere. Students in a school of music do not "blacklist"

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farmers because they do not invite them to come in and teach them how to grow potatoes. A man does not interfere with the freedom of speech of his neighbors because he declines to let them conduct a debating society in his drawing room. A church is not bigoted because it does not invite into its pulpit preachers of an antagonistic creed. Why, then should a society founded and conducted for the protection and perpetuation of certain principles be railed at for not caring to listen to those who are striving to overthrow and destroy those principles? It is a gross impertinence to expect or to ask it thus to waste its time. In the preceding number of this REVIEW the President-General of the D. A. R. set forth the principles and described the work of that organization in an article which abundantly vindicated it in advance against the attacks which have since been made upon it. The society is quite willing that all the Pacifists and Pink Bolshevists in the land should talk as freely as they please to any audiences that they can get to listen to them. And it claims for itself an equal right not to listen to them nor to put them on its programmes. That is all there is about it.

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THE CRACKER BARREL PHILOSOPHER

BY BURGES JOHNSON

"THEY'RE having a rough time in Chicago," remarked the Deacon, laying down his paper and taking up his pipe.

"Yes, it's pretty depressing," I answered. "It seems to mean that democracy can't stand the strain put upon it by such an ignorant and cosmopolitan population."

"I guess it hasn't much to do with democracy," said the Deacon. "It's civilization's big fight everywhere. The way I put it in my own mind—it's the fight between the predatory and the social instincts; it started with the Cave Men, and it'll go on till the millennium, inside each individual as well as inside each group, however they're governed."

"But don't you think the fight is a more hopeless one in a democracy, when a lot of uneducated people crowd together in one place?"

"If what you mean by education is formal schoolin', I don't think that makes much difference; an' as for democracy, it only brings the old fight to the surface, where you can see it goin' on. I'm not prophet enough to say how it's goin' to turn out in the long run, anywhere on this footstool; but the social instinct is just as likely to come out on top in a mixed and crowded democracy, an' I'm optimist enough to think it has a better chance there."

"It looks to me like this," he continued warmly. "The Cave Man had to get food an' wife an' shelter, an' he got 'em wherever he found 'em handiest, even if he had to take 'em away from another fellow. He took 'em if he was big enough. But then the time came when he needed the other fellow's good will an' his help to tackle a dinosaur, so he got to chummin' with the other fellow, an' then got to likin' him in a way. He began to get a social instinct. When the other fellow had somethin' he wanted, his predatory an' his social instincts had to fight it out first.

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An' that fight has been goin' on inside of every man ever since."

"But education must fight on the social side!"

The Deacon shook his head emphatically. "Not if you mean the three R's an' Latin an' all that. Just look for yourself. When you find more predatory fellows than there are social ones in a community, democracy breaks down. If a man seizes somethin' for himself away from all the others, an' injures them by doin' so, he's a grafter. He's just as often educated as not. It ain't a question of his knowledge; it's his spirit. Now suppose he runs for office, an' folks know he's a grafter. Who votes for him? Lots of educated business men do. They say it's easier to do business with him. They know just where he stands. They're lookin' out for their own business an' nothin' else, an' that makes them all grafters too. When a man don't vote at all, an' *lets* such a fellow into office, that puts him in the same boat."

"I don't see that you've made out any case for democracy," I remarked. "You've just explained Chicago and any other places like it."

The Deacon puffed away for a while. "They tell me," he said, "that there's more graft in China than anywhere else; it runs all through the social system—servants graftin' on their masters an' lesser servants on them. An' they say Russia came next, leastways in the old days under the Czar. But the Government kept on bein' the same old ship that held 'em, an' kept 'em under cover. Democracy brings everybody up onto deck. When you get more predatory minded fellows in a democratic community than socially minded ones, the old ship steers a wobbly course."

"But I still think that the safety of a democracy lies in education," I insisted.

The old man pursed his lips obstinately. "If a man's predatory instincts are on top," he said emphatically, "he's more dangerous when his mind's educated than when it ain't. If you had a community chock full of socially minded folks without any education at all, it could be a perfect democracy. No, educatin' the mind of Chicago won't do it any good. You've got to educate its soul."

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Some chance remarks by the Deacon on Manners seem to have troubled the mind of a reader. She (for it is undoubtedly a lady) protests the statement that manners are nothing more than a code, and have no intrinsic values. "Some manners, of course," she says, "are merely ephemeral, changing with times and places. But there must be some that are inevitable and universal evidences of the spirit behind them."

I reported this difference of opinion to the Deacon when I chanced to see him next, and it amused him greatly.

"I would like to argue with the lady," he said. "Didn't she name any particular politeness, just for instance?"

I answered regretfully that she had not; but I felt inclined to take her part. "How about a gentleman standing up when a lady enters the room?" I suggested. "Could that mean anything other than respect, anywhere, any time?"

"Sure," said the Deacon. "It would be easy for it to mean that he wanted to be ready to run. Standin' up might mean an enemy gettin' ready to attack. It's easy to imagine that in some society, somewhere, some time, if a man stayed seated it meant hospitality, and an invitation to the lady to sit down too."

"How about kneeling?" I suggested. "Doesn't kneeling universally suggest an attitude of mind?"

"How do I know?" said the Deacon. "I can easily figger a society point of view which made kneelin' a contemptuous gesture. Some African savage might get down on his knees in front of another in order to show that he figgered out the other fellow wasn't more than so high, or else to show contempt for the other fellow's physical power—'I can lick you on my knees with one hand behind me,' would be the idee.

"No, manners never meant any more than just what the people who generally used 'em agreed to have 'em mean. The polite Chinaman practices so he can belch nicely at the dinner table in front of his host. It shows he's et even more than he ought to, the food was so good. Generally speakin', the white man practices how to avoid it. But the yellow man and the white man both have the same thing in mind—they want to show consideration for the feelin's of the fellow that provided the dinner.

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"There's a lot of manners that haven't been codified yet, even among nice people livin' at the same time in the same place. Business men haven't decided whether an elevator is part of the entrance to a buildin' or a room inside of it. Some polite men take their hats off when a lady comes in, and some polite men don't. Why, even in one little town on the same Sunday you can find some men puttin' their hats on when they enter a temple dedicated to their God, and some takin' their hats off, and some men kneelin' down when they pray, and some standin' up. And in another part of the world they take off their shoes instead of their hats for the same reason, and get down on their hands and knees. The fellow who left his hat on among a lot of folks who took theirs off, and the fellow who took his shoes off in church among folks who were in the habit of leavin' theirs on, would both be called impolite by the crowd around 'em.

"Whenever new social conditions arise, you have to get a new set of manners to go with 'em," continued the Deacon thoughtfully. "It takes a long time for nice people to decide what is the nicest way to act under new conditions. For instance, we haven't got any code of manners for the telephone yet. A perfectly nice man, who wouldn't ever push rudely out of his place in a line waitin' at the doctor's office, will step out of the line, go down to the corner drug store, telephone the doctor and get his consultation ahead of all the rest!

"Folks generally say it's impolite to interrupt, but a telephone interrupts anybody, any time, anywhere, and gets away with it. The way I figger it, society will finally get the idea that a telephone is an extension of the manners of the fellow that is usin' it. If nice people get to feelin' that way about it, you won't find a polite business man askin' his secretary to get somebody on the telephone and then lettin' him wait with the receiver to his ear until the business man is through with what he is doin' and can begin the conversation.

"A long time ago a polite man, when he met another, got the habit of saying, 'My name is Jones,' and then waitin' to let the other man name himself if he wanted to. It's taken us thirty years to get around to that in telephone manners."

I knew that the Deacon was right. I have so often been

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annoyed by the impudent, interrupting ring of the telephone bell, and then a voice demanding to know who I am, while itself remains anonymous and offers no excuse for the demand. Every man cannot have a secretary to return discourtesy for discourtesy. Sooner or later polite people must find a telephone code of manners that will prove them to be gently intentioned.

"How can one discipline a telephone?" I asked.

"By leavin' the receiver off the hook if you find it's treatin' you without any consideration," answered the Deacon. "But you can't call it rudeness," he continued, thoughtfully. "Nice folks ain't agreed yet as to how they ought to behave over the 'phone, that's all. It's the same at the movies. Folks ain't agreed yet about talkin' durin' a picture. Just when nice folks have gotten a set of theatre manners to show they really are nice folks, they have to start in and get a brand new set of manners for the movies."

"I suppose you want me to send all of this to my lady correspondent?" said I.

"Go ahead," said the Deacon; "but it won't do any good. If she is really a nice lady, manners are awfully important to her, and you never could convince her that a man who made a noise like a hydraulic pump when he ate spaghetti might be a gentleman back in his own country."

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IN RETROSPECT

[IT IS THE PURPOSE OF THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW TO REPRINT IN EACH NUMBER PERTINENT EXCERPTS FROM ITS ISSUES OF A CENTURY OR MORE AGO.—*The Editors.*]

The need of high standards in the Legal Profession was felt more than a century ago by the great Jurist, Justice JOSEPH STORY, *who wrote in* THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW *for November, 1817, as follows:*

To become an eminent lawyer is now a task of vast labour and difficulty. The business of the profession has extended itself, as we have already intimated, incalculably, both in quantity and variety. The most diligent study and practice of a long life are scarcely sufficient to place any gentleman beyond the necessity of continual exertions to keep pace with the current of new opinions and doctrines. It is true that in the humbler walks of the profession, men of feeble talents and acquirements may now obtain a maintenance and sometimes perhaps accumulate a fortune; but this is no more than what the experience of all ages has shown. There have always been obscure attorneys, whose industry, or cunning, or patronage has given them the command of that portion of business, which is not without profit, if it be not attended with honour.

EDWARD TYRREL CHANNING, *the famous Professor of Rhetoric and Oratory at Harvard, wrote thus of* THOMAS MOORE *in a review of* LALLA ROOKH, *in the November, 1817, number of* THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW:

Mr. Moore may be very adroit at this work—he may call it poetry if he please; but he must allow us to infer from the pleasure he takes in it, that his mind is not of the loftiest character, nor ever under the influence of genuine enthusiasm and rapture. There does seem to be a natural alliance between genius and purity. A man, who can pass through his earliest years, with no love of intellectual dignity, no regret for the sins of his race, nor wish to make them better, unmoved, unchastened by the sweet influences of nature, and deliberately and almost perpetually employed, in disfiguring and degrading every thing pure in sentiment, or fair in creation, must be essentially wanting in some of the higher powers and perceptions of a truly poetical mind. He will never be lifted from the ground, nor forget for a moment the encumbrances of flesh and blood.

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WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT *contributed to* THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW *for March, 1818, his poem* To a Waterfowl, *generally esteemed as one of his finest lyrics. In that original draft it appeared "letter perfect" precisely as it has been printed in all editions since, with the exception of two words in the third line of the second stanza. In 1818* BRYANT *wrote:*

As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,

while in 1928 it has been made to read

As, darkly seen against the crimson sky;

a change of critically disputed merit.

JOHN GALLISON, *lawyer and anti-slavery pioneer, paid this tribute to the Netherlanders in* THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW *for January, 1818:*

It has been much the fashion to ascribe all, that the Dutch have done, to the strong passion of gain, which is alleged to hold in their breasts the place of every other affection. It is only necessary to have read their history, to be convinced that this charge is unjust, and that they have qualities, both publick and private, which render them capable of acts of the most generous and elevated virtue. Nor is there a better foundation for imputing to them, as has been often done, a tardiness of genius, suited indeed to slow and patient labour, but unfit for any of the finer exertions of intellect, and dead to the enchantments of the heart and fancy. They have produced historians, and poets, and criticks, and painters, of the first class, and these, not as the authors of the *Universal History* assert, "like grapes in Siberia and contrary to the usual course of nature," but in numbers, which, when considered in reference of the size and population of the country, are not exceeded by any other nation.

Those who think that Americans have always been inclined to "let the Eagle scream" may be rid of that delusion by recalling what ANDREWS NORTON, *famous father of a famous son,* CHARLES ELIOT NORTON, *wrote in* THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW *for January, 1818:*

There is no nation which has been outraged with such profligate calumny; and there never was a people, who seemed less disposed to form a correct estimate of their privileges, their advantages, and their distinctions. Our hearts have been too cold, when reminded that *This is our own, our native land;* and the attachment of which we have defrauded our own country, we have given somewhat too lavishly to others. This is the main fault in our national character. It is time for us to be a little more remiss in our admiration of what is

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foreign, and to learn to respect ourselves. It is time for us to learn to think of ourselves more justly. In looking so much abroad for models and precedents, there is danger that we may receive from other nations some of the hereditary mischiefs by which they are oppressed, some of the decrepit prejudices to whose authority they still submit, and some of the corruptions of age by which they are disgraced and made miserable.

The strangely baseless tradition of the UPAS TREE *was thus disposed of in* THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW *for January, 1818:*

The literary and scientifick world has rarely been more grossly imposed upon, than by the account of the *Pohon Oopas*, or, as it is commonly written, the *Bohon Upas*, published in Holland in 1780. The history and origin of this celebrated forgery are still a mystery. The account came out under the name of one Foersch, a surgeon in the Dutch East India Company's service, and was published in the different publick journals in almost all the languages in Europe. This account, as it relates to the situation of the poison tree, its desolating effects on the country around, the mode of punishing criminals by sending them on the fatal errand of procuring its gums, and the description of the poison, has been proved to be palpably false.

The multitudes to whom today MARIA EDGEWORTH *is only a name may well consider the esteem in which her works were held by the eminent lawyer,* WILLARD PHILLIPS, *as expressed in* THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW *for January, 1818:*

To criticise the works of Miss Edgeworth fairly, is much the same as to praise them. They are every where marked with the traces of a philosophick mind, a fertile invention, and a good heart. She does not, like many of her fellow labourers in fiction, imagine situations that never can be realized and elaborate personages that come into the world upon absurd errands;—that live without making us desire to be acquainted with them, and act without exciting our sympathy; she carries us into the throng of living, suffering, and enjoying men and women, animated by the passions with which real life is glowing, and busy with pursuits in which we ourselves are interested. She does not idly amuse herself and her readers with the forms and exteriour show of life, but penetrates to the secret springs of action, and discloses the sources of the passions and the innumerable circumstances that contribute to their accumulating depth and swell—she scientifically demonstrates the almost imperceptible tendencies of opinions and maxims of conduct—and describes with philosophical accuracy the gradual stealing on of habits, of which we are apt to be unconscious till we find them indelibly fixed and wrought into our most intimate composition.

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The character and motives of the early New England Colonists had a warm champion in WILLIAM TUDOR, JR., *who wrote of them in* THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW *for January, 1818:*

That exaltation of mind, that religious fanaticism, which stimulated the first settlers, was perhaps necessary to the solid establishment of the colony. The poverty of the soil, severity of the climate, the horrours of Indian hostility, the grief at a separation from friends and a country they loved, of which several affecting proofs are given in the history of some of these individuals, were all calculated to try the resolution of men, who had left enviable situations. The difficulties they had to encounter from these sources, would have disheartened them, if their object had been wealth; and the first attempts would probably have failed. But if the climate was cold, their hearts were warmed with zeal; and if the soil was poor, their harvest was to be reaped in heaven; if the tomahawk of the Indian was suspended over their heads, they were willing to be martyrs. Religion and education were their almost exclusive concerns. Their preservation they constantly attributed to the special providence of God; and their constant belief of His particular interposition was useful in its effects; though others perhaps, in many cases at least, might account for the result by merely natural causes. They believed that their success was the reward of their religious devotion, and that other colonies failed when they were undertaken from a different motive.

Qualifications for admission to college a century ago differed much from those of today, as witness the requirements at HARVARD *as given in* THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW *for March, 1818:*

Candidates for admission are examined by the President, Professors, and Tutors. No one is admitted to examination, unless he have a good moral character, certified in writing by his preceptor, or some other suitable person. To be received to the freshman class, the candidate must be thoroughly acquainted with the grammar of the Latin and Greek languages, including prosody; be able properly to construe and parse any portion of the following books, *viz.*, Dalzel's *Collectanea Græca Minora*, the Greek Testament, Virgil, Sallust, and Cicero's *Select Orations*, and to translate English into Latin correctly; he must be well versed in Ancient and Modern Geography; the fundamental rules of Arithmetick, vulgar and decimal fractions, proportion, simple and compound, single and double fellowship, alligation medial and alternate, and Algebra, to the end of simple equations, comprehending also the doctrine of roots and powers, arithmetical and geometrical progression.

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THE FINANCIAL OUTLOOK

BY ALAN H. TEMPLE

The Active Ticker

DESCRIPTION of the stock market continues to exhaust the superlatives of the chroniclers. In fact those who were put to the necessity of depicting the April market must have regretted the prodigality with which they had drawn upon their adjectives during March. A 3,000,000 share day upon the New York Stock Exchange, which until a few weeks ago was exceptional, is now a synonym of quietness, and from 4,000,000 up is the usual thing. By all precedent activity should be greater after the market begins to decline than it has been during the advance, but the likelihood of a 6,000,000 or 7,000,000 share day is diminished by the inability of the Stock Exchange mechanism to take care of it. Even now the ticker runs so far behind the market that as a guide to trading its usefulness is almost destroyed, and it has twice been necessary for the Exchange to declare unaccustomed holidays to enable its members to catch up with their clerical work.

The number of persons who have bought and sold securities on all of the country's exchanges and over-the-counter markets during the past few months totals, according to various estimates, anywhere from 10,000,000 to 20,000,000, and it is certain that all of the United States and Canada is participating to an unprecedented degree. A few years ago fully 60 per cent. of the business of the New York Stock Exchange originated within New York; today, under present conditions, probably 90 per cent. comes from outside the city, brought in over the hundreds of thousands of miles of private wires which forty or fifty of the larger brokerage houses operate. Within the past ten months Stock Exchange firms have opened 150 additional branch offices, and the ticker now clicks out its quotations in the most distant parts of the South and the Pacific Coast. The significance of this may be sought in the well-known fact that the "public," as Wall Street terminology has it, always speculates on the buying side, and always loses. The "public" is a fountain of youth which extends the life of a bull market long after its days of good health are past and organic decay has set in.

If the chronicle is confined to the United States the story falls short of full truth. The wave of stock market speculation is rolling forward in London, Paris, Berlin and Brussels as well as in New York. In Brussels, the cables say, "the fever of speculation that began with the depreciation of the franc has been growing worse ever since and hundreds of office workers are going without their lunch to save a little money with which to gamble in stocks." In London, despite trade depression, the rise in shares and the activity of trading are scarcely less pronounced than in New York, and instead of publishing crossword puzzles the newspapers are offering prizes for the best investment lists sent in by their subscribers. Reports from Paris and Berlin are of the same tenor.

Recently, also, some of the more important speculative commodity markets have been more active at advancing prices; they include the grains, cotton and coffee.

Why Excessive Speculation?

For a condition that thus seems to be common to all the world there must be a common cause. It is true that specific reasons for advancing prices can be adduced in each instance. In the cotton market it is an unfavorable crop start and the boll weevil threat; in the other commodities it is something else; in London, *The Spectator* suggests, the cost of living and taxation are so high and trade is so quiet that "the investor may well be excused for a desire to seek relief through appreciation of capital which does not come under the ban of the tax gatherer; and the undoubted gains secured by those

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who have bought low-priced industrials within the past two or three years and have amassed large fortunes may well explain the eagerness of others to emulate their example." From other quarters other reasons are advanced. Nevertheless it must be apparent that the basic condition which has made possible and stimulated speculation on such an extraordinary scale is none other than the abundant supply of credit. Even those who argued six months ago that there was no inflation in the United States are hardly as ready to maintain their position now, as loans on securities have shown a continuing expansion. The effects of currency inflation in France have been felt far beyond her borders, through the deposit by French banks of foreign exchange to the value of many billions of francs in the financial centers of other countries. Those deposits are now being drawn back to France in the form of gold, in preparation for legal stabilization of the franc, and this gold movement marks at least a temporary disappearance of the easy money rates that were known last autumn; but meanwhile the inflation has done its work and started a ball rolling which may not be safely checked until it runs with a crash into some stone wall.

But before considering monetary conditions in more detail it is highly interesting to observe the reasons why excesses of speculation should, in the face of rather quiet business, have taken place in securities rather than in land or wildcat oil shares or tulip bulbs or some of the other media of which the pages of history tell. It is due, says Col. Ayres of the Cleveland Trust Co., "to an increasingly wide-spread belief that business and industry are rapidly coming under the control of the giants among the corporations, and an eagerness to participate in the expected profits of these leading firms through the ownership of some of their capital stock. It is this belief that is the foundation of the popular opinion that well-selected common stocks are preferable to bonds and mortgages as long-term investments."

To that concise statement there can be no dissent. Unquestionably those are the motives which are actuating literally millions of people. The same thought is expressed by one of the most prominent of the bull leaders in the stock market, a man whose operations and profits have been enormous during the past three years. He says, "Less than two years ago when prices were very much lower the average investor regarded such stocks as American Telephone and Telegraph, General Electric, United States Steel, General Motors and American Smelting and Refining Company as selling at about their true value. The same people today have come to realize that these institutions could not be duplicated at any price and that consequently their good will is practically priceless, and with this knowledge, regardless of bearish propaganda, the investor is not as easily frightened as formerly."

Experimental Revision

This attitude is bringing about what may be called an experimental revision of ideas of the value of many industrial stocks. The most dramatic example that the market has given of this revision was its reaction to a statement by the chairman of the Finance Committee of the General Motors Corporation that in his opinion the shares of that corporation should sell more on a parity with other industrial stocks whose current price was from twelve to fifteen times the annual earnings on each share. With enthusiasm the market seized upon the thought that here was a tangible basis for the valuation of stocks. General Motors was immediately bid up to a price about fifteen times its 1927 earnings, and about twelve times its expected earnings for 1928, and it is undoubtedly a widespread expectation, voiced in many quarters, that if those expected earnings are realized and the outlook continues reasonably propitious the market valuation will be marked up again. And other common stocks which were selling at basis lower than that suggested were eagerly sought out and marked up correspondingly. The result is that the twenty common stocks listed in the Dow-Jones averages, which a year ago were selling at about eleven times their earnings per share, have lately been selling from sixteen to seventeen times earnings. In fact there are only two on the list

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which are selling at less than fourteen times earnings, and no less than seven are quoted at more than twenty times earnings. Book value has become a subordinate factor.

Is it possible to describe any such radical revision of the basis of valuation, occurring in such a short time, as other than an experimental adjustment of the most extreme sort? It must depend for its success upon continued low money rates, lower, it seems, than those now quoted. If a stock sells at fifteen times its earnings, and pays out two-thirds of those earnings in dividends, a brief calculation will show that it will yield 4.44 per cent. upon its selling price. That is almost exactly the yield that is returned by the only public utility bond with a 4 per cent. coupon that has yet been sold in this country. This gilt-edged bond was recently offered at a price to yield 4.40 per cent. Is it possible that our ideas of the values of investments must be readjusted to a belief that high-grade common stocks are worth as much as high-grade bonds, and that the old belief that the proper spread between the yields of the two classes of securities is at least one per cent. must be abandoned? The only answer is, perhaps. The working out of the experiment must be awaited. Meanwhile it is perfectly apparent that present stock quotations are based upon a ratio that is insufficiently tested, a foundation for which no preliminary borings have been made. Deep down there may be rock, or there may be sand. It is equally evident that this "fifteen times" theory of valuation, by reason of accepting a dividend yield as low as bond yields, discounts the future heavily, that it relies upon a constant increase in earnings to put a little more substance behind present prices and to provide the wherewithal for stock dividends and "extras" to compensate for low yields for the moment. One who thinks that fifteen times present earnings is a bargain price, since he believes earnings will increase, may consider ten times quite enough to pay when the business outlook is less certain and the future prospect holds out a probability of decreasing rather than increasing profits.

Still other points may be suggested in examining the validity of the present theories of value. One of the most common ideas that is found among their supporters is that good stocks will achieve a scarcity value because they are being purchased by investment trusts. The bull leader previously quoted said in the same interview, in listing the causes of the advance, that in his opinion the most important is "the purchase of our high grade securities in tremendous volume by investment companies and investment trusts, many of which are operating most successfully. If, as I am led to believe, companies of this character with billions of dollars of capital are to be created, our choicest securities by reason of the demand for this purpose are destined for very much higher prices."

This belief is so common that it may well be examined to see whether two and two can make five. Investment trusts of course obtain their capital by selling their own securities to investors. Obviously, therefore, they subtract from the funds potentially available for investment in stocks exactly as much as they add to them. The size of the stream is the same though part of it is diverted through another channel. It is of course true, to some extent, that the investment trusts bring funds into the securities markets which otherwise might be invested in other ways, in personal enterprises of various kinds, let us say. But the obverse is equally true; the supply of corporate securities must inevitably increase, because the demand for capital will turn to the markets where the supply is, and corporate enterprise flourish over the individual.

Finally, if the investment trusts continue indefinitely to buy stocks at prices which return only bond yields, and come to a time, as they inevitably will, when they can no longer obtain profits on principal to add to these low yields, the returns on their own securities will drop to an unattractive figure and their rate of growth will be checked materially. It must be remembered that the stability of investment trusts in this country has not finally been proven, for they have yet to pass through a severely declining market. Until they do, and until some of the weak ones are eliminated, there is almost as much reason to fear them as a source of liquidating sales as to cheer them as continuous and enormous buyers.

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Money Rates

In last analysis the values of securities will have to be judged by money rates. One of the best indicators of market trends in the past has been the relation between the yields of stocks or bonds and the cost of the money that is borrowed to carry them. A year ago the relation was favorable. With stocks yielding over 5 per cent. and time loans available at about 4¼ there was obviously a small profit to be gained in addition to trading profits simply by carrying securities which looked to have possibilities of long term appreciation. Now the situation is reversed. The yield of the stocks in the Dow-Jones list at this writing averages only about 4⅛ per cent.; the theoretical yield on a price of fifteen times earnings, as calculated a few paragraphs previously, is only 4.44 per cent. But 90-day loans on Stock Exchange collateral are currently quoted at 4⅞ to 5 per cent. Thus there is a loss in carrying stocks under present conditions; the cost of capital so employed is greater than the return from it. This situation has existed since early in February. If prices continue to advance under these conditions all precedent will be upset. A decline is indicated by all experience, unless it is offset and quickly, by one of two things: cheaper money, or increased dividends.

So inevitably we come back to the question of money rates. There has been, as usual, since the first of the year a seasonal expansion in commercial demand, not great, to be sure, but totaling about $250,000,000 in the case of the reporting member banks of the Federal Reserve system. The increase in loans on securities by this group of banks, oddly enough, has been smaller than that figure, but brokers' loans in New York, which were then at the highest total on record up to that time, are now some $400,000,000 higher. So much for demand for credit. As for supply, gold holdings of the Federal Reserve Banks are almost $100,000,000 smaller, and the amount of bills and securities held by the Reserve Banks, representing the contribution of the system to the open market supply of credit, is about $250,000,000 smaller. That money rates, therefore, are one half to three quarters of one per cent. higher is entirely natural, and the probability that they will turn any easier is distinctly lessened by Federal Reserve policies. The Banks have been losing gold steadily, but instead of offsetting the loss by the purchase of Government securities as they did last autumn they have intensified its effect by selling securities and subtracting from the amount of credit. During that time, also, they have raised rediscount rates once, to 4 per cent at all banks, and at the time of writing another advance is under way to 4½ per cent.; it started with the Chicago and Boston banks and will presumably extend throughout the system. For this advance there is but one explanation: a desire to check the speculative excesses that are taking place, or at least to put the Federal Reserve System above suspicion of fostering them. It is an attitude that the Reserve Board might well have assumed late last summer when it approved and compelled cuts in the rediscount rate throughout the system.

Whether the action of the Reserve system in thus advancing the price and diminishing the supply of credit will be ignored again, as was the rate increase early in the year, remains to be seen. It is true that an advance of one-half of one per cent. in money rates is a puny weapon to control such an avalanche of speculation. Nevertheless it is effective in the long run; it dominates one-half of the cost of money-yield of capital relation.

Turning to the other half of that relation, what hope is there for higher dividends to swing the ratio once more in support of present prices? Building is well maintained; some of the automobile companies are doing extremely well and will show increased earnings unless the retail market suddenly collapses from excess of Presidential year caution, a bad break in stocks, or some similar shock; and the steel companies are more active, reflecting the larger demand from the motor makers. But some of the other industries which were active in 1927, such as cotton manufacturing, are lagging and complaining loudly of inadequate profits. Distributive trade is generally hesitant and the volume of car loadings runs consistently below that of recent previous years. In

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the main there is little prospect for the alleviation of competitive conditions to allow greater profits and dividend payments for business as a whole. Rising commodity prices during the year would make profits larger, undoubtedly, and therein lies the chief hope of better returns. But will commodity prices rise if the business structure has to withstand the shattering effect of a break in the stock market?

How Far Will Speculation Go?

Obviously reasoning seems to fall in a circle. But while business seems to hold its breath, watching the stock market, the stock market has passed the stage of paying much attention to business. The trade outlook is of academic interest to it. The only present question is, how far will speculation go?

One point that the business man and banker as well as the investor may carry in mind is that in times like the present there is a distinct differentiation between quotations and values. Some of the big brokerage houses, who have increased the margins they demand from their customers, know that; and the New York banks, who refuse to loan against as large a percentage of present "values" as they did a few months ago, know it. If the ordinary business man and investor will conduct his affairs on the same enlarged margin of safety the country will be better for it. It is impossible to say when the strain will come. When speculation is so rife a shock correspondingly great is required to check it and reverse its direction, but experience has shown that such a shock inevitably arrives. If it is not large enough in itself it is quickly magnified to the necessary proportions. The shares of 100 corporations listed by one of the Stock Exchange firms were marked up two billions of dollars during the first quarter of 1928; but that any such amount of actual wealth was added to the assets of those corporations in that period it is of course absurd to suggest. And any over-discounting of the future that the present market has indulged in must eventually be corrected.

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AS OTHERS SEE IT

Sanity Commended

SIR:

Permit me to congratulate you for the splendid article on Mexico by Bishop Diaz which appeared in the April issue of your fine publication. The article is written with great saneness and, merely by the presentation of facts, draws up a very strong indictment against the present Mexican Government. No other paper could have presented a more unbiased article upon a question of great moment.

PATRICK F. SCANLAN.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Young Man from Ottawa

SIR:

Few busy men stop to write letters to editors when they chance to read something that impresses them in their publications. This is my first offense.

I am about four thousand miles from my home in Vancouver, on the Pacific; and being a British Columbian I have been asked here several times by New Yorkers if I had read a remarkable article in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW on the destiny of the British House of Lords by John Gladstone Grace. Knowing Mr. Grace by reputation and by sight, I bought a copy of your magazine. Then I wanted several more for my friends. His style is singularly his own and I congratulate you and the N. A. R. on having enlisted the pen of so able and entertaining a contributor as that young man from Ottawa.

G. H. COLLINS.

New York City.

The Criminal Gets His Start

SIR:

The article *Dealing with Criminals* by Lewis E. Lawes, is a comprehensive statement. It is true that much of crime is due to economic maladjustment, but there are other phases about which we hear little. Prodigal and even vulgar display is one and insurance is another. Rich people, women in particular, display jewels and works of art. Stores, especially the big ones, display goods in the open, on counters and tables, ready to the hand of any clever thief; jewelry emporiums display in windows and glass cases,—all this principally for advertising purposes. Men wear costly gems and carry hugh rolls of money, which is bait for the footpad and the burglar. Insurance covers nearly everything, causing the owner of property to become careless and the thief to be bold. I know a man who was glad to have his car stolen because he would get the insurance or a new car. The crime of arson is common in connection with insurance. We have records of murder committed to secure the life insurance. In a word, temptation to commit crime is everywhere rampant.

It seems to me apparent that before we can relieve the so-called crime wave, which in reality is a flood, it will be necessary to remove some of the temptation placed in the way of the potential law breaker. What a ridiculous thing for banks to provide armored cars to transport money from place to place, and not take equal precautions to safeguard it after it reaches its destination. Why not armored cages for bank tellers with automatic shutters for pay-windows, operated by a button in the floor? Or armored cages for shotgun guards suspended from the ceilings, or compartments for the tellers that disappear money and all, into the cellar by simply pressing a button?

Many a habitual criminal got his start lifting some cheap article in a store. We really have no right to subject people to temptation, to bait the trap and punish them after they are caught. There should be clauses in all insurance policies guarding against inordi-

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ate display. The loss by thefts is added to he retail price and the honest public pays he bill, or else the insurance company does, vhich is just the same in the end, for the ultinate consumer pays all of the cost. Society s waking up, as Mr. Lawes points out, but it *nust cover all angles in order to get the best* esults. Men are just grown-up children, ınd children should be protected against emptation.

C. F. DISTELHURST.

Omaha, Nebr.

Letter to the Editor from a Lady to Whom He Did Not Sign His Name

SIR:

How I yearn over you! How little I dreamed what your signature reveals! I thought they were extinct, and that King Arthur's bunch was the last. How lovely—yet it fills me with a certain trembling dread lest you may be infected by the wickedness of the world. Still, knowing that you are no spring chicken, and have, according to your pure signature, lived hitherto without spot or blemish, I will cast my cares overboard, and just deliver myself over to the delight of being addressed as "Dear Ellen" by such a one as you.

I am sorry you did not have the time to start in on your job of psychoanalyzing. I will start in on mine. You are older and steadier than your associate, Willis. He perhaps has wavy hair and much feminine admiration. Oh, no; of course not if he is married! By the bye, I do not know exactly how to address either of you as you both are mysterious about whether your state is single hap—I mean double cus—. Oh, what is the matter with this d—I mean this dear typewriter, which is helping to put me in touch with one such as you.

If ever an unguarded word escapes me, please remember that in infancy I heard bad words—just passing where a man and his wife were addressing each other on some question of religion, I imagine, as he named our future home after death several times.

I am enclosing what a friend said about subscribing. She is a teacher and says her superintendent described your magazine as the best in the country. The last number was not up to the mark of the one before. *Jim Reed* was fine. I think *Cuba's Place in the Sun* good.

I will take a crack at your character now, probably may miss it. You have an agreeable personality. You are very intelligent and a superior person mentally but you are modest and do not think so. You are a magnanimous person and tolerant of others' weaknesses. You have a vein of pure humor, and like all of that ilk, that string has overtones of sadness.

Now go on with mine. I am not handing you bouquets. I sincerely believe every word I say. I simply get that hunch about you and I shall not accept your refutation of my judgment without having had it passed upon by your wife (?) or by some of your associates. "Self-depreciation is egotism turned wrong side out." Do not be an egotist. You know whether I am right.

"DEAR ELLEN".

Adams Center, N. Y.

Inaccuracy Detected

SIR:

I should like to call your attention to an inaccurate statement regarding the proposed merger of the Great Northern and Northern Pacific which appears in an article by Mr. Franklin Snow in your April issue. The statement is as follows: "In the Northwest, for example, economies of $10,000,000 annually were forecast by promoters of the Northern lines' merger, but not one cent of this would be reflected in reduced freight rates, the witnesses testified."

I think that Mr. Snow was misled by the publication in one of our local papers of what purported to be verbatim testimony of Mr. Kenney denying that there was any intention of reduced rates. This newspaper statement was given very wide circulation in a pamphlet issued by the receivers of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railway Company. As a matter of fact, the purported testimony was not verbatim and did not express either the spirit or meaning of Mr. Kenney's testimony. Because of Mr. Snow's reiteration of this error, we have felt it necessary to circulate a correction statement among the papers

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of the Northwest quoting the actual verbatim testimony.

While I am not surprised that Mr. Snow should accept this newspaper report as accurate, I am a little surprised that he should place any particular stress upon any expressed intentions one way or the other of the railroads with regard to rate reductions because that is a matter that is entirely within the control of the Interstate Commerce Commission . . . Instead of being subject to just criticism for not promising any general reduction in rates, I think that the Companies would be subject to a very grave criticism if they had expressed any such promises. I think that they went as far as could be justified when they ventured a prophecy that the reduced operating expenses would result in lower rates and when they pointed out the reductions that would automatically and immediately follow unification.

I trust that you will pardon the length of this communication which I have felt to be justified by the importance of the subject.

F. G. DORETY.

St. Paul, Minn.

Politics and Bigotry

SIR:

When Mr. McAdoo's right hand man, George Fort Milton, says that it is Rum, not Rome, that the South holds against Governor Smith, he does not know what he is talking about. Against that statement I beg leave to place the conviction of another eminent editor, Mr. Julian Harris, of Columbus, Georgia. In a recent communication to *The New York Times* he says: "The simple truth of the political situation in the South is that religious intolerance is the keynote of the opposition to Governor Smith." And Dr. C. C. Selecman, President of the Southern Methodist University of Dallas, Texas, did not scruple to admit with pride the truth of this assertion in a recent address before The Educational Association of the Methodist Church South, held in Memphis, Tenn. If you had lived among Southerners as long as I have you would realize that religious bigotry is the very breath of their nostrils.

HENRY COBB FLESH.

San Francisco, Cal.

Modernizing Biographies

SIR:

Reading the March issue, I agree with the editorial comment on page 369 concerning the practice of modernizing biographies, which according to my way of speaking seems like taking highly esteemed personalities from their accredited positions on pedestals and seating them on the curb-stone with their feet in the gutter, to make them more "human", or is it to make them more like the author of the biography, and thus a sort of vicarious "self-expression"? Be that as it may, the editorial has moved me to again congratulate myself on having at hand each month as a permanent consulting mentor, to assist in keeping at all times cognizant of my location, THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW. More years to it!

EDWIN M. CASE.

St. Louis, Missouri.

Mirrored Opinions

It is refreshing to know that we can have such excellent readable literature every month.

Something in every issue that sticks to the ribs.

It is too interesting to do without.

The NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW is the best of its class. Have always felt that some magazine could issue that did not offend good taste. The NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW nearly reaches that point, but there are spots on the sun, so why should such an able vehicle demean itself by printing in February *On the Comfort of Cussing?* Why use an article, even if clever, that is a direct insult to that part of your readers who believe in the Ten Commandments—and Deacons do not swear as in the *Cracker Barrel Philosopher*. The REVIEW is just fine in the main.

Your magazine gives a clearer understanding of the trend of national politics than any magazine I know.

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